

Story of Paul Jones

TEN CENTS

AUGUST COSMOPOLITAN



JOHN PAUL JONES



"I have not yet begun to fight!"





For
TOILET

And
BATH

When baby washed, his ardent key
would very often reach high C
but now in sheer delight he'll crow
when bathed with

HAND SAPOLIO



• BIRD •

1



Drawn by William L. Jacobs

IT WAS DELICIOUS LYING ON THE SAND IN THE SUMMER MORNING

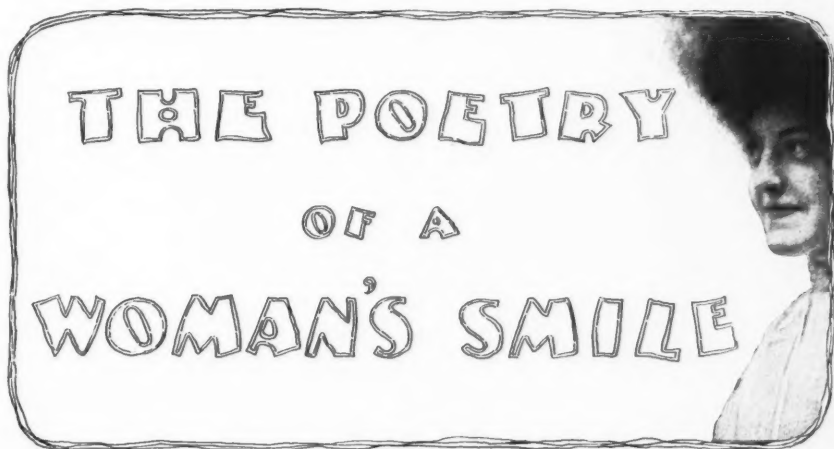
(See "Two Hearts," page 417)

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BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

ONCE in a youthful flight of epigram I wrote: "Beauty is the smile upon the face of Power." The English comic paper called *Punch* immediately corrected me. No, it said, rather your epigram should run: "Power is the smile upon the face of Beauty." Yes, indeed—and what a fearful power, irresistible and relentless, it is. "Who is she," cries the poet of Solomon's Song, "that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?" Terrible as an army with banners! Yes, the most formidable battle-ship ever built is safety itself compared with a beautiful woman, and as one grows older and watches the human drama more and more as a spectator, taking less and less of a personal place in it, one is more and more impressed

with the devastating part played by woman's beauty.

Perhaps, on the whole, the most terrifying thing a man can meet is a beautiful woman. There should be a society for the protection of the unprotected male against beautiful women. So long as there is no beautiful woman in the story all goes well. Men do their work strenuously, and dwell peaceably together, but the moment the beautiful woman enters, there is the devil to pay. Strong men become as babies, fierce rivalries divide bosom friends, duties and principles are forgotten—all for this little "rainbow strangely painted on the air," this vain little pinch of sweet rose-colored dust. Deep in his heart man has always cherished a bitter resentment against woman for the strange lunar control she has over him. When he looks at her, a mere flower, it seems quite absurd that so fragile and fleeting a thing should have such

a power for good or ill upon this mass of bone and muscle, thew and sinew, upon this tower of purpose and creative energy.

If there is a way to escape this witchcraft of woman, be sure that man would find it. To be beaten by this moonbeam, this frail flutter of butterfly-wings, this mere strain of music! It is too preposterous—and how often has man, through the ages, girded himself and put on his whole armor of masculine complacency, and gone forth to defy this moonbeam. So strong, so determined to assert his supremacy and independence,—O so beautiful a front of impregnability!—to be shattered utterly, even comically abused, by a woman's smile. You come up to her, so to say, armed to the teeth, with the most important clatter of hostile accouterments. She looks up at you, and smiles—and it is all over. You are as vanquished as if a lyddite shell had suddenly interrupted your conversation. And this terrific artillery is the secret of a mere Dutch doll, a curious idol made out of lace and face-powder. Almost any fairly pretty woman has this power, and if so, think what dynamite there must have been in the smile of Helen of Troy, or of Cleopatra.

"Is this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?"

cries Marlowe's Faustus, as he sees Helen in a vision. Yes! a woman's face moved all that might of men-at-arms, and set all those muscles straining at the oar. It seems incredibly unreasonable, but so it was, and



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MISS FEDERICA WEBB

so it is, and so—please God—it will ever be—so long as the fairy wand of the moon controls with a mere touch of silver the monstrous tonnage of the sea, so long as dreams are the shapers and builders of reality, and the visible merely a crude copy of the invisible. For a woman's smile holds such sway over us because it is really supernatural in its power. The influence of all beauty is supernatural, and the significance of woman, and the

secret of her dominion over us, are that she is not really a human, but a supernatural, being. She is in mysterious traffic with that invisible world from which the visible world proceeds. She is a vessel of its secrets, and intuitively obeys and enforces its laws. There is no accounting for her except—miracle; and the power of her smile is one of the mysteries of the universe. Two red lips, and two brown eyes—that is all she has to do it with, yet what infinite variety she contrives to achieve with these simple materials. A man with sufficient opportunities of study—and nothing better to do—might well write a whole big book on the subject of a woman's smile, or rather woman's smiles—all the innumerable varieties and all the mobile meanings. I have had no such opportunities, and, besides, I have other mermaids to fry. But even a busy man cannot have failed to note, to come in contact with, so to say, certain typical smiles—for good or ill. Perhaps the smile most frequently seen on the face of woman is what one might call the Circe smile—the smile of the conscious enchantress, securely aware of her power.

There is in it sometimes just a hint of humorous pity. The victim, man, is so simple, and—if I may be permitted the word—so "easy." The lazy enchantress—all enchantresses are lazy—looks at him with a kind of pitying wonder: Is it possible that this big strong thing can be quite such a fool as to be taken in by so old a trick of the eyes and mouth? Can this really be Hercules, so supine, so humbly attendant on the distaff of Omphale? Really, a power so easily wielded seems hardly worth wielding! However . . . and the woman smiles her Circe smile, and the poor groveling maniac, once a man, immediately forgets home and country, forgets every promise and vow he ever made, and the strong work of his hands, forgets everything—if only Circe will smile again. This Circe smile represents woman's arrogant knowledge of her power over the senses and the idealism of man. She uses it with a carelessness and too often with a cynicism which no doubt she would excuse by a reference to her general disadvantage in her eternal duel with her big tyrant



MISS LOUISE GULLIVER



MISS MABEL GERRY



MISS KATHERINE BARNEY

—man. Poor little thing—she is so tiny and frail, and man is so big and strong! She has so few weapons wherewith to fight this—imaginary—giant. What has she, after all, but her smile? Surely you will not deny her the use of that!

All the same, this smile emanates from the instinctive wickedness of woman, rather than from her goodness. It is the smile that links woman with the Powers of Darkness, with the beautiful evil influences of nature—so beautiful, but O so evil! So evil,—but O so beautiful! It seems almost unfair for woman to use it, almost as if she defeated us with some fragrant narcotic, or stole our reason from us with a drug from the laboratories of Aphrodite. Yes! it is a cruel smile, the smile of Circe. I suppose that she has never forgiven Ulysses, and all men ever since have had to suffer for that incorrigible wanderer.

There is another cruel smile one often sees nowadays on the face of woman—a smile at once as powerful as an automobile, and—as vulgar: the brutal smile of



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MISS GLADYS VANDERBILT

money. The men who make money, the marvelous millionaires, usually give little external evidence of their financial omnipotence. If you want to see their money, you must look at the faces of their wives and daughters. Watch how they smile. Their fortunes are indeed their faces. The men who make money, obviously, know its power, but they use that power with comparative mercy; but the women for whose luxury they have made it have no such modesty. Their eyes are like policemen's clubs made of gold and inlaid with diamonds. With that brutal practicality which is one of the many paradoxes of the fairy called woman, they have realized the brute-force of money, and with woman's immemorial instinct to use any weapon to hand, they use it without mercy.

And when a man knows he can buy you body and soul, he is usually decent about it, but a woman . . . well! she stands haughtily on a race-track in the sun and looks like her—bank-account.

There is another smile which belongs to the wickedness of woman,—the Smile of Caste—the smile that tells everyone to what an old family you belong, and how immensely superior you are to your surroundings—though you should never raise a finger.

That haughty and superior smile of caste, that, after all, seldom goes back very far—how silly, and how attractive it is! You often see it in England and—Newport.

But all the smiles on the faces of women are not evil smiles, not smiles of seduction, or of cruelty or of arrogance. Good women smile too—and when they smile



MRS. HARRY S. LEHR

it is as though the heaven opened. It is only when a good woman smiles that one knows what a smile is. Have you seen mothers smile over their cradles, or nurses smile over some poor broken man in a hospital, or have you seen the smile on the face of some sister of mercy, lighting up, as with a holy candle, the darkness of a dreary city slum?

Have you seen a mother giving suck to her child? or seen a wife smile up into the face of her husband? Have you seen her smile down on him when he has fallen asleep from weariness, and has thus become to her—as all men are to all women—just another child to take care of?

These are the smiles for which—you can get no pictures. And no words.



MISS JEAN REID



MRS. GLEN COLLINS

Mothers and nurses don't sit, or stand, for their photographs.

They smile in private. They don't expose their smile at race-tracks, or smile at a camera in the act of controlling an unmanageable automobile, or when they are showing how well they can drive two horses—instead of the customary one. They smile without a press-agent, or a photographer.

They smile because they are good women, helping the helpless, and the smile on their faces is truly the joy of their unconscious goodness.

To a true woman the whole world is her child, and she is its mother; and whether it takes the form of baby or husband, saint or sinner, or soldier limping from the wars, she is always there with the smile that is the most attractive of all smiles—the smile of a good woman.

"The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man the hermit sigh'd—till
woman smiled."



Drawn by Seymour M. Stone

WITH THE WORD, PLANTER PAUL JONES STRUCK LIEUTENANT PARKER A BLOW WITH
HIS CLENCHED FIST



JOHN PAUL JONES, FROM A BUST IN THE PHILADELPHIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS

Story of Paul Jones

BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

I

HIS BAPTISM OF THE SEA



HIS was in the long-ago, or, to be exact, in July, 1759. The new brig *Friendship*, not a fortnight off the stocks, was lying in her home harbor of Whitehaven, being fitted to her first suit of sails. Captain Bennison was about her decks overseeing those sea-tailors, the sail-makers, as they went forward with their task, when Mr. Younger, the owner, came aboard. The

latter gentleman was Lowland Scotch, stout, middle-aged, and his severe expanse of smooth-shaven upper lip told of perseverance and Presbyterianism in even parts as traits dominant of his character.

"Dick," said Mr. Younger, addressing Captain Bennison, "ye'll have a gude brig, and mon! ye should have a gude crew. There'll be none of the last in Whitehaven, but I'll go over to Arbigland and pick ye a crew among the fisher people."

"Arbigland," repeated Captain Bennison with a glow of approval—"the Arbigland men are the best sailor-folk that ever saw the Solway. Give me an Arbigland crew, James, and I'll find ye the Rappahan-

nock with the *Friendship* within the month after she tears her anchor out o' Whitehaven mud."

And so Mr. Younger came over to Arbigland.

It was a blowing July afternoon. An offshore breeze, now freshening to a gale, was tossing the Solway into choppy billows. Most of the inhabitants of Arbigland were down at the mouth of the little tide-water creek that formed the harbor of the village, eagerly watching a small fishing-yawl. The latter craft was beating up in the teeth of the gale, striving for the shelter of the creek.

The crew of the yawl counted but one, and he a lad of twelve. His right hand held the tiller; with the left he slacked or hauled the sheets, and shifted the sail when he went about. The yawl had just heeled over on the starboard tack as Mr. Younger pushed in among the villagers that crowded the little quay.

"They'll no make it," exclaimed a fisherman, alluding to the boy and yawl; "they'll be blawn oot t' sea!"

"Ay! they'll make it, sure enough," declared another stoutly. "It's Jack Paul cunning her, and he'd bring the yawl in against a horrycane. She's a gude boat, too, as quick on her feet as a dancing-maister, and as for beating to wind'ard, she'll lay a point closer to the wind than a man has a right to ask of his lawful wedded wife. Ye'll see, little Jack'll bring her in."

"Who is he?" asked Mr. Younger of the last speaker. "Who's yon boy?"

"He's son to John Paul, gardener to the laird Craik."

"Sitha! son to gardener Paul, quo' you!" broke in an old fishwife who, with red arms folded beneath her coarse apron, stood watching the yawl with the others. "Now to my mind he looks mair like the laird than I suld want my son to look if I were wife to gardener Paul."

"Shame for ye, Lucky!" cried the fisherman to whom she spoke. "Would ye cast doots on the lad's mither, and only because the lad in his favorings makes ye think now and again on Maister Craik? Jeanny Paul, that was Jeanny Macduff, is well kenned to be as carefu' a wife as ever cooked her man's breakfast in Arbigland."

"Ye think so, Tam Bryce?" retorted the incorrigible Lucky. "Much ye suld know of the wives of Arbigland, and you to sea

eleven months o' the year! I tell ye, Jeanny came fro' the Highlands, and it'll be lang, I trow, since gude in shape of man or woman came oot o' the Highlands."

"Guide your tongue, Lucky," remonstrated the other, in a low tone; "guide your tongue, ye jade! Here comes gardener Paul himsel'."

"I'll no stay to meet him," said Lucky, moving away. "Puir blinded fule! not to see what all Arbigland, ay! and all Kirkbean parish, too, for that matter, has seen the twal years, that his boy Jack is no mair no less than just the laird's bairn when all's said."

"Ye'll no mind her, Maister Younger," said Tam Bryce, pointing after Lucky, "although, to be preceese, what the carline says has in it mair of truth than poetry."

"I was no thinking on the dame's clack," said Mr. Younger, his eyes still on the nearing yawl, "or whether yon lad's a gardener's bairn or a gentleman's by-blow. What I will say in the face of the sun, however, is that he has in him the rudiments of as brisk a sailor as ever walked salt water."

"There'll be none that's better," returned Tom Bryce, "going in and oot o' Solway Firth." Then, eying the yawl: "He'll win to the creek's mouth on the next reach to sta'board."

Gardener Paul joined Mr. Younger and the fisherman, Tom Bryce.

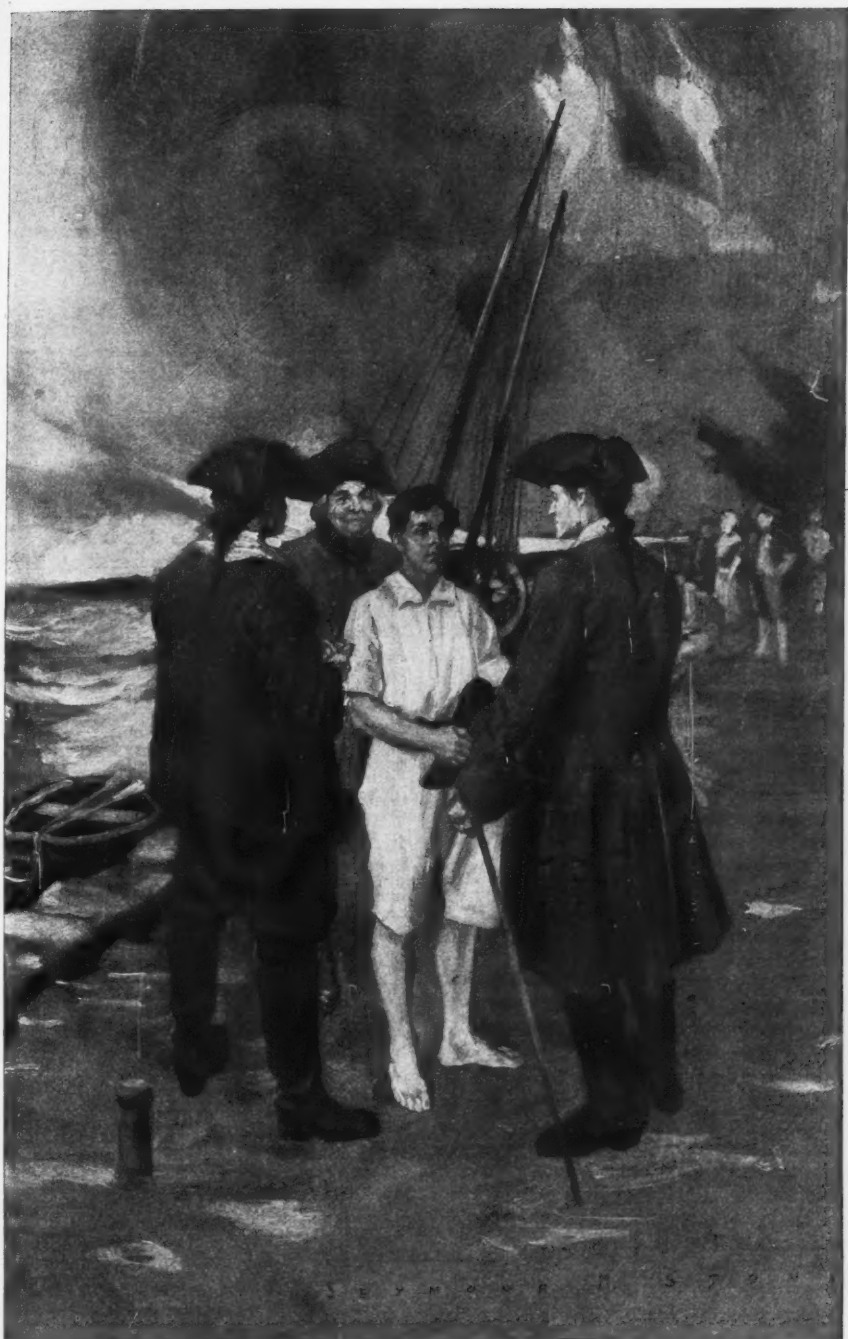
"We were talking of your son," said Mr. Younger to gardener Paul. "What say ye, mon, will ye apprentice him? I'll send him with Dick Bennison in my new brig *Friendship* to the Virginias and Jamaica."

John Paul, gardener to the laird Robert Craik, was a dull man, notably thick of wit and slow.

"The Virginias!" he repeated. "My son William has been there these sixteen years. He's head-man for my kinsman Jones on his plantation by the Rappahannock. If Jack sails with Dick Bennison, he'll meet William that he's never seen."

"He'll see his brother for sure," returned Mr. Younger. "The *Friendship* goes from Whitehaven to Urbana, and that's not a dozen miles down the Rappahannock from your cousin's plantation."

The yawl had come safely into the creek's mouth, and lay rocking at her moorings as lightly as a gull. The lad leaped ashore, and was patted on the back by the fishermen in praise of his seamanship. He



Drawn by Seymour M. Stone

"AND MAY I GO, FATHER?" ASKED JACK, A FLUSH BREAKING THROUGH THE TAN ON HIS CHEEK

smiled through the salt water that dripped from his face; for beating to windward is not the driest sailing, and the lad was spray-soaked from head to heel.

"This is Mr. Younger, Jack," said gardener Paul, as the lad came up. "He wants ye to sail 'prentice with Dick Bennison in the new brig."

The difference to show between gardener Paul and little Jack Paul, as the pair stood together on the quay, went far to justify those innuendoes of the scandalous Lucky. Gardener Paul's heavy peasant face possessed nothing to mark on his part any blood-nearness to the boy, whose olive skin, large brown eyes, clean profile and dark hair like silk, spoke only of the patrician.

"And may I go, father?" asked Jack, a flush breaking through the tan on his cheek.

"Ye might as weel, I think," responded gardener Paul judgmatically. "Ye're the born petrel; and for the matter of gardening being my own and Adam's trade, I've kenned for lang ye'll no more touch spade or mattock than handle coals of fire. So, as I was saying, ye might as weel sail 'prentice with Dick; and when ye meet your brother William, give him his father's gude word. Ye'll never have seen William, Jack, for he left hame before ye were born; and so it'll be a great forgathering between the two of ye—being brothers that never met before."

And after this fashion was it that the fisher-boy, John Paul, afterward Admiral Paul Jones, was given his baptism of the sea.

II

THE SAILOR TURNS PLANTER

It was fourteen years later, and the wooded April banks of the Rappahannock were flourishing in the new green of an early Virginia spring. The bark *Two Friends*, Captain John Paul, out of Whitehaven by way of Lisbon, Madeira and Kingston, came picking her slow way up the river, and anchored, midstream, at the foot of the William Jones plantation. Almost coincident with the splash of the anchors, the *Two Friends* had her gig in the water, and the next moment Captain Paul took his place in the stern-sheets.

"Let fall!" came the sharp command, as Captain Paul seized the tiller-ropes.

The four sailors bent their strong backs, the four oars swung together like clockwork, and the gig headed for the plantation landing, where a twenty-ton sloop, current-vexed, lay gnawing at her ropes.

Those who had known the fisher-boy Jack Paul when, on that far-away afternoon, he brought his yawl up the Solway in the face of a squall, might not have recognized him in the jaunty, not to say dandified, young captain of the *Two Friends*. True, there were the olive skin, the deep eyes, the thick dark hair; but the face had been refined with much reading of books, and made grave by years of command; for already John Paul had written himself "Captain" seven years. Also, the thoroughbred look, present to even a casual glance in the lad of twelve, had been given, if that were possible, a multiplied emphasis.

At twenty-six Captain Paul might have stood the model of a quarterdeck nobility. He had not the advantage of a commanding height; but the lean, curved nose, the clean angles of the jaw, the firmly lined mouth, the steady level stare of the brown eyes, which turned hard as jade when they would, coupled at the earliest smell of opposition with a frowning falcon trick of brow like a threat, were as a commission to him, signed and countersigned by nature, to be ever a leader of men. In figure Captain Paul was five feet seven inches, and the scales giving his weight consented to one hundred and forty-five pounds. His hands and feet were as small as a woman's. By way of offset to this, his shoulders, broad and heavy, and his deep chest, arched like the deck of a whaleback, told of anything save the effeminate. In his movements there were quickness and a catlike graceful accuracy, with over all a resolute atmosphere of enterprise. To his sailors, he was more than a captain; he was a joss, an idol. It was his seamanship that won them. Prudent at once and daring, he shone a master of seacraft, and never the sailor served with him who would not have named him as a mariner without a flaw. He was born to inspire faith in his men. This was as it should be, as displayed by his own picture of a true captain later furnished to Doctor Franklin:

"Your captain," he said, when thus informing that philosopher, "your captain, Doctor, should have the blind confidence of his sailors. It is his beginning, his

foundation, wanting which he can be no true captain. To his men your captain must be prophet, priest and king. His authority when offshore is necessarily absolute, and therefore the crew should be as one man impressed that the captain like the sovereign can do no wrong. If a captain fail in this he cannot make up for it by severity, austerity or cruelty. Use force, apply restraint or punishment as he may, he will always have a sullen crew and an unhappy ship."

The nose of the gig grated on the river's bank, and Captain Paul sprang ashore. He was greeted by a tall weather-beaten old man — grizzle-haired and gray. The form of the latter was erect with a kind of military stiffness. His dress was the rough garb of the Virginia plantation manager or overseer in all respects save that of head-gear. Instead of the soft wool hat common to

his sort, the old man wore a Highland bonnet, and this, with its hawk's feather fastened by a silver clasp, gave to his costume a crag-and-heather effect that was altogether Scotch. The gray old man, with a grinning background of negro slaves, waited for the landing of Captain Paul. As the latter leaped ashore, the old man threw up his hand in a kind of military salute.

"And how do we find Duncan Macbean?" cried Captain Paul. "How also is my brother? I trust you have still a bale or two of winter-cured tobacco left that we may add to our cargo?"

"As for the tobacco, Captain Paul," returned old Duncan Macbean, "ye're a day or so behind the fair, since the maist

of it sailed Englandward a month back in the brig *Flora Belle*. As for your brother William of whom ye ask, now I suld say ye were in gude time just to hear his dying words."

"What's that, Duncan Macbean!" exclaimed Captain Paul. "William dying!"

"Ay, dying! He lies nearer death than he's been any time since he and I marched with General Braddock and Colonel Washington against the red salvages of the Ohio.

But you suld come and see him at once, you his born brother, and no stand talking here."

"It's lung-fever, Jack," said the sick man, as Captain Paul drew a chair to the side of the bed; "it's deadly, too; I can feel it. I'll not get up again."

"Come, come, brother," retorted Captain Paul cheerfully, "you're no old man to talk of death—you with your fewer than fifty years. I'll see you up and

on your pins again before I leave."

"No, Jack, it's death. And you've come in good time, too, since there's much to talk between us. You know how our cousin left me his heir if I would take his name of Jones?"

"Assuredly I know."

"And so," continued the dying man, "my name since his passing away has been William Paul Jones. Now, when it is my turn to go, I must tell you that by a clause of the old man's will he writes you in after me as residuary legatee. I'm to die, Jack; and you're to have the plantation. Only you must clap Jones to your name and be not John Paul, but John Paul Jones, as you take over the estate."



Drawn by Seymour M. Stone

JOHN PAUL JONES AS A YOUNG MAN

"What's this? I'm to heir the plantation after you?"

"So declares the will. On condition, however, that you also take the name of Jones. That should not be hard; Jones is one of our family names, and he that leaves you the land was our kinsman."

"Why, then," cried Captain Paul, "I wasn't hesitating for that. Paul is a good name, but so also is Jones. Only, I tell you, brother, I hate to make my fortune by your death."

"That's no common sense, Jack. I die the easier knowing my going makes way for your good luck. And the plantation's a gem, Jack; never a cold or sour acre in the whole three thousand, but all of it warm, sweet land. There're two thousand acres of woods; and I'd leave that stand." The dying man, being Scotch, would give advice on his death-bed. "The thousand acres now under plow are enough." Then, after a pause: "Ye'll be content ashore? You're young yet; you're not so wedded to the sea, I think, but you'll turn planter with good grace?"

"No fear, William. I've had good fortune by the sea; but then when I think on how I was driven to kill the mulatto Mungo with a belaying-pin, I may say that I've met ill fortune also. I've had honor by my life afloat, and shall have pleasant memories of it; but when I recall the two voyages I sailed slaver to the Congo coast, I can see that I'm to have bad memories as well. By and large, I'll be very well content to turn planter."

"It's gainful, Jack, being a planter is. Only keep Duncan Macbean by you to manage, and he'll turn you in one thousand golden guineas profit every Christmas day, and you never to lift hand or give thought to the winning of them."

"Is the plantation as gainful as that? Now I had but one thousand guineas to call mine after sailing five years."

"Ay! it's gainful, Jack. If you will work, too, there's that to keep you busy. There's the grist-mill, the thirty slaves, the forty horses, besides the cows and swine and sheep to look after, as well as the negro quarters, the tobacco-houses, the stables, and the great mansion itself to keep up. They'll all serve to fill in the time busily, if you should like it that way. Only, Jack, with the last of it always leave everything to Duncan Macbean. A rare and wary

man is old Duncan, and saving of money down to farthings."

"Whose sloop is that I saw at the landing?" asked Captain Paul, willing to shift the subject.

"Oh, yon sloop? She goes with the plantation; she'll be yours anon, brother. And there you are: When the sea calls to you, Jack, as it will call, you can take to the sloop. Cato and Scipio are good sailors, and well trained to the coast clear away to Charleston."

And so William Paul Jones died, and John Paul took his place on the plantation. His name was no longer John Paul, but John Paul Jones, and as his dying brother had counseled, he kept old Duncan Macbean to be the manager.

When his brother was dead, Captain Paul joined his mate Laurence Edgar on the deck of the *Two Friends*, where the latter still swung, tide and tide, on her anchors.

"Mate Edgar," said Captain Paul, "it is the last time I shall plank this quarter-deck as captain. I'm to stay; and you're to take the ship home to Whitehaven. And now, since you're captain, and I'm no more than a guest, suppose you order your cabin-boy to get us a bottle of the right Madeira and we'll drink good fortune to the bark and her new master."

III

THE FIRST BLOW IN VIRGINIA

It was a soundless, soft December evening in 1774. The quietly falling flakes were cloaking in thin white the streets and roofs of Norfolk. Offshore, a cable's length, lay an English sloop-of-war, eighteen guns. Inshore from the sloop-of-war rode the peaceful twenty-ton sloop of planter Paul Jones. The sailor-planter, loitering homeward from a cruise to Charleston and the coast-towns of the Carolinas, was calling on friends in Norfolk. Both the war-sloop and the peace-sloop seemed almost deserted in the falling snow. Aside from the harbor-light burning high in the rigging, and an anchor-watch of two sailors muffled to the ears, the deck of neither craft showed signs of life.

Norfolk's public hall was candle-lighted to a pitch of unusual brilliancy; the waxed floors were thronged with the beauty and

IN C O N G R E S S.

The DELEGATES of the UNITED STATES of *New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode-Island, Connecticut, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North-Carolina, South-Carolina, and Georgia, TO*

John Paul Jones, Esq.

WE, reposing especial Trust and Confidence in your Patriotism, Valour, Conduct, and Fidelity, DO, by these Presents, constitute and appoint you to be

~~of the arm~~ ~~of the~~ ^{*Captain*} in the ~~Service~~ ^{*Navy*} of the United States of North-America, fitted out for the Defence of American Liberty, and for repelling every hostile Invasion thereof. You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the Duty of ~~Captain~~ ^{*Captain*} by doing and performing all manner of Things thereunto belonging. And we do strictly charge and require all Officers, Marines and Seamen under your Command, to be obedient to your Orders as ~~Captain~~ ^{*Captain*}

And you are to observe and follow such Orders and Directions from Time to Time as you shall receive from this or a future Congress of the United States, or Committee of Congress for that Purpose appointed, or Commander in Chief for the Time being of the Navy of the United States, or any other your superior Officer, according to the Rules and Discipline of War, the Usage of the Sea, and the Instructions herewith given you. in Pursuance of the Trust reposed in you. This Commission to continue in Force until revoked by this or a future Congress.

D. TED at *Philadelphia* *October 10th 1776.*

By Order of the Congress.

John Hancock

PRESIDENT.

ATTEST *Charles Thomson*

From the Original in possession of Mr. John B. Sherburne, Author of "The Life and Character of John Paul Jones."

CAPTAIN'S COMMISSION ISSUED TO PAUL JONES BY CONGRESS

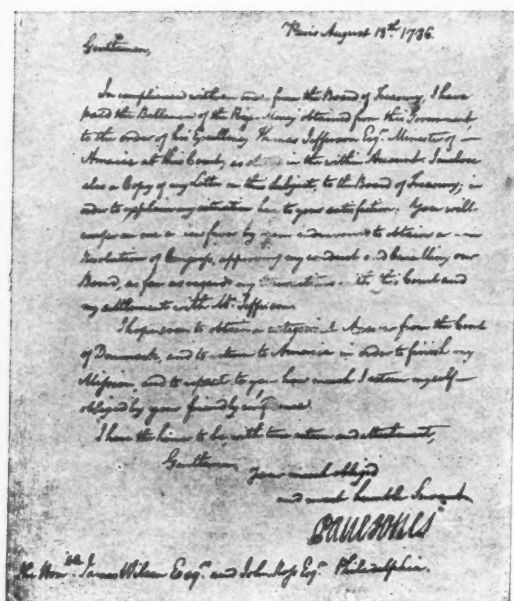
gentility of the Old Dominion as the same found Norfolk representation. It was indeed a mighty social occasion; for the local élite had seized upon the officers of the sloop-of-war, and were giving a ball in their honor. The honored ones attended to a man—which accounted for the deserted look of their sloop—and their gold lace blazed bravely by the light of the candles, and with tremendous gala effect.

Planter Paul Jones was also among the guests. Since he was in town, his coming to the ball stood forth as the thing natural. Already he was regarded as the Admirable Crichton of tide-water Virginia, and the function wanting his presence would have gone down to history as incomplete.

Paul Jones, planter for two years, had made himself a foremost figure in Virginia. Twenty-eight, cultured, traveled, gallant, brilliant, and a bachelor, he was welcome in every drawing-room. Besides, was there not the Jones plantation, with its mile of river-front, its noble mansion-house, its tobacco-teeming acres, its well-trained

slaves, and all turning in those yearly one thousand yellow guineas under the heedful managing thumb of canny Duncan Macbean? Planter Paul Jones was a prince for hospitality, too; and the high colonial dames, taking pity on his wifeless state, presided at his table or chaperoned the water-parties that he gave on his great sloop. Also, still considering his wifelessness, they sought to marry him to one of their colonial daughters.

In this latter dulcet intrigue the high colonial dames failed wholly. The planter-sailor was not a marrying man. There was in truth a blushing fortnight in which he was quoted as about to yield. Rumor gave it confidently forth that the Jones mansion would have a mistress, and its master carry altarward Betty Parke, the pretty niece of the lady who later was Martha Washington. But pretty Betty Parke, in the very face of this roseate rumor, became Mrs. Tyler, and it was one of her descendants, they say, who seventy-five years nearer our own hour was chosen president—a poor president,



AUTOGRAFH LETTER OF JOHN PAUL JONES

true, but still a president. Planter Paul Jones rode to the wedding of pretty Betty Parke, and gave it his serene and satisfied countenance. From which signs it was thought that Dame Rumor mounted by the wrong stirrup when she went linking the name of pretty Betty Parke with that of planter Paul Jones, and no love-letter scrap nor private journal note has since risen from the grave to contradict the assumption.

That planter Paul Jones should have thus lived for two years, and moved and had his social being among the most beautiful of women, and still escaped hand-free and heart-free to tell the tale, is strange to the brink of marvelous. It is the more strange since no one more than he was a knight of dames. And he could charm, too, as witness a letter of the unimpressible Doctor Franklin, written to Madam d'Houdetot:

"No matter, my dear Madam," writes the cool philosopher, "what the faults of Paul Jones may be, I must warn your ladyship that when face to face with him neither man nor, so far as I learn, woman, can for a moment resist the strange magnetism of his presence, the indescribable charm of his manner; a commingling of the most compliant deference with the most perfect self-

esteem that I have ever seen in a man; and above all the sweetness of his voice and the purity of his language."

Paul Jones was not alone the darling of colonial drawing-rooms, he was also the admiration of the men. This is his description as given by one who lived weeks and months in his company and knew him afloat and ashore.

"Though of slender build, his neck, arms and shoulders were those of a heavy, powerful man. The strength of his arms and shoulders could hardly be believed. And he had equal use of both hands, even to writing with the left as well as with the right. He was a past master of the art of boxing. To this he added a quickness of motion that cannot be described. When roused he could strike more blows and cause more havoc in a second than any other could strike or cause in a minute. Even when

calm and unruffled, his gait and all his bodily motions were those of the panther—noiseless, sleek, the perfection of grace."

The above by way of portrait. When one adds to it that planter Paul Jones rode like a Prince Rupert, fenced like a Crillon, struck blows with his fist that would have staggered Dutch Sam, and was death itself with either gun or pistol, it will be seen how he owned every quality that should have pedestaled him as a paragon in the best circles of his day. But we roam too far afield; let us get back to Norfolk and that December evening when its quality gave a ball to the English officers, and did itself the honor to ask the company of planter Paul Jones.

It was toward the hour of midnight when planter Paul Jones, attired like a Brummel, stood in quiet converse with his friend Mr. Hurst. Their talk turned on the state of sentiment in the colonies, and the chance of trouble with the motherland.

"Hostilities are certain, my dear Hurst," said planter Paul Jones. "I hear it from Colonel Washington, from Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Henry. They make no secret of it in Williamsburg about the House of Burgesses."

"But the other colonies?"

"Mr. Livingston of New York and Mr. Morris of Philadelphia, as well as Mr. Pynckney of Charleston, agree with the Virginia gentlemen I've quoted, sir. They say there will soon be an outbreak in Boston."

"In Boston?" repeated Mr. Hurst doubtfully. "Have the Massachusetts men the courage, think you?"

"Courage, ay! and the strength, my friend. Both Colonel Washington and Mr. Jefferson assured me that, although slow to anger, they of Massachusetts are true sons of Cromwell's Ironsides."

"And what shall be our attitude?"

"We must sustain them at all hazards, sir; sustain them to the death."

It was now that a knot of English officers drifted up—a trifle flushed of wine were these guests of honor. They, too, had been talking, albeit thickly, of a possible future full of trouble for the colonies.

"I was saying," said Lieutenant Parker, addressing planter Paul Jones and Mr. Hurst, "I was just saying that the insolence of the Americans, which is more or less in expression all the way from Boston to Savannah, will never get beyond words. There will be no blows struck."

"And why are you so confident?" asked planter Paul Jones, his eye agate, his voice purringly soft. "Now I should say that, given provocation, the colonies would strike a blow, and that a heavy one."

"When do you sail?" interrupted Mr. Hurst, speaking to Lieutenant Parker. Mr. Hurst aimed to shift conversation to less perilous ground. As a mover of the ball he was in sort host to the officers, as well as to planter Paul Jones, and for the white credit of the town desired a peaceful evening. "I hear," he concluded, "that your sloop is for a cruise off the French coast."

"She and the fleet she belongs to," responded Lieutenant Parker—utterance a trifle blurred—"will remain on this station while a word of rebel talk continues."

"Now instead of keeping you here," broke in planter Paul Jones vivaciously, "to hector peaceful colonies, if I were your king I should send you to wrest Cape Good Hope from the Dutch."

"Cape Good Hope from the Dutch?"

"Or the Isles of France and Bourbon

from the French—lying as they do like lions in the pathway to our Indian possessions. If I were your king, I say, those would be the tasks I'd set you."

"And why do you say 'your king'? Is he not, also, your king?"

"Why, sir, I might be pleasantly willing," observed planter Paul Jones airily, "to give you my share in King George. In any event, however, I do not propose that you shall examine into my allegiance. And so, I say again that if I were your king, sir, I'd find you better English work to do than an irritating and foolish patrol of these coasts."

"You spoke of the Americans striking a blow," said Lieutenant Parker, who was gifted of that pertinacity of memory common with half-drunken men; "you spoke but a moment back of the Americans striking a blow, and a heavy one."

"Ay, sir! A blow—given provocation."

Lieutenant Parker shook his head with an air of sagacity both bibulous and supercilious. Then he smiled victoriously as a fortunate comparison rose in his mind.

"A blow!" he murmured. Then fixing planter Paul Jones with an eye of bleary scorn: "The Americans would be quickly lashed into their kennels again. The more easily if the courage of the American men, as I think 's the case, is no more firmly founded than the virtue of the American women."

With the word, planter Paul Jones struck Lieutenant Parker a blow with his clenched fist the like of which was never before seen even in the violent port of Norfolk. Lieutenant Parker's nose was crushed flat with his face, and he fell like some pole-axed ox. His fellow officers lifted him to his feet, bleeding like tragedy, stunned beyond words.

"You shall hear from us!" was the fierce cry, as they hurried the stricken Parker from the ball-room.

"I shall be pleased to hear from any or all of you," replied planter Paul Jones; "or from what other dogs in king's coats shall question the honor of American women." Then turning to Mr. Hurst: "You, sir, shall act for me. Accept every challenge they send. Make it pistols, ten paces, with Craney Island for the place, and fix the time to suit their English convenience."

[To be continued]

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

PROPERTY.

DO NOT TAKE HER MORTON'S WORTH

BY ANNA WHARTON MORRIS



He looked at her and she looked at him, and they both laughed in sheer content.

"I knew you'd be surprised to see me," said Sarah Biddle.

They were sitting on the front seat of an open trolley, which rattled through the ugliest of infernally hot streets. But the city dust could not defile their immaculate clothes or their cheerful demeanor.

"Surprised?" echoed Morton, feasting his tired eyes on her distinguished figure. "If any man had told me you'd be in town before October, I'd have called him an everlasting idiot. And I still think it must be a dream that we're together to-day, like the comrades we always were. I don't understand it. For the first time in years you had got comfortably away from brick pavements, yet here you are back again in the middle of August. Now, Sarah, what's the reason?"

"I missed the brick pavements," said she promptly.

All show of pleasure faded from his face. He suddenly knew that he was fagged, that his stiff collar was choking him, that the sun's reflection from the baking houses scorched his skin.

"Ah!" he said, "I used to possess your confidence, but that is of the past. I suppose that I, too, am of the past. One must expect it, when one has reached fifty without making a fortune."

She regarded him keenly, while he took off his hat to wipe his wet forehead. She noted the streaks of gray in his well-kept hair, the many lines around his eyes, and the bitter curl of his lip. Then, laying her hand on his woolly coat-sleeve, she said softly, "Morton, do you mean to insult me?"

"Why, no," he stammered. "I thought I was insulting myself, if anybody. You have a right to keep your own counsel."

"Morton, what's the matter with you? You know I never keep my own counsel, when I have you to counsel with. I told you the truth about my coming back. I did miss the brick pavements."

It was his turn to look keenly at her. She was pale by nature, and the hotter the weather, the paler she always became. Now she was as white as her linen dress, as white as the chiffon veil coiled around her hat. Her broad, mobile face expressed perfect candor and understanding, and she smiled generously with eyes and mouth.

The sight restored him. He felt as fresh as a lark. He forgot that he was fifty.

"I see it's one of your jokes," he said. "Tell me about it."

"Just what I should have done at first, if you hadn't got into that nasty huff."

But instead of explaining, she slid closer to him, saying eagerly: "Now we're just as cozy as old times. Isn't the heat delicious? And isn't it nice to hear the car-bells and to see the dirty children sitting on the curbstone? And, do look!—there's an old woman quarreling with a huckster over a piece of stale fish!"

Morton's gaze rested upon the long, shapely hands, which clasped and unclasped each other nervously in her lap, and he smiled as he said, "You are still the same Sarah."

"Did you expect me to change into another Sarah, just because my cranky uncle left me his money? I believe you did, you queer creature. Now to go back to the beginning. You know how they got me off to Bar Harbor, before I had time to wink. They said I'd never had any fun, and that being rich made me free to go where I liked, and of course I would join their summer colony and see life. Life!" contemptuously—"I've seen more life in the one day since I came home!"

"Wasn't Lorimer at Bar Harbor?" asked the man doubtfully.

"Mr. Lorimer was most decidedly there," answered Sarah, putting up both hands to

her head and stabbing a hat-pin into her trim chip hat. "Mr. Lorimer seemed to think that I existed for his special benefit. I couldn't move without encountering Mr. Lorimer. I must go in his yacht; I must go in his automobile. You know a yacht makes me sick, and I consider an automobile positively immoral!"

Morton laughed so loud that the motor-man turned and glared at him with suspicion. Fortunately, the car was only half full.

"Yes," said Sarah, "you can laugh, because you weren't in my place. I'll tell you one thing, this talk about money making you free is all vapor. Money made me a slave for two months. Instead of doing what I wanted, I had to do what anybody else wanted. I had to be outdoors when I was cold, and indoors when I was hot. I had to eat when I wasn't hungry, and dance when I was tired, and listen to bad music when I was sleepy. It's very well to do what you hate, if you're accomplishing anything; but all this activity was accomplishing nothing, except making me thin."

"The price of popularity," grunted Morton.

"Well, last Tuesday finished me. Mr. Lorimer came in the morning, looking insufferably clean, and said he was going to take me in bathing, as there was a fine surf. Whew! how the water froze me, and how sticky it made my hair! Then a golf-luncheon, and an afternoon sitting on rocks in such a gale that it gave me a headache. Then a three-hour dinner at the Sprigleys', with recitations by a French countess. And then, when I was quietly playing billiards with a tolerable man named Smith, Mr. Lorimer burst in and said I had hidden from him (which was quite true), and cut up such a vulgar row that I haven't spoken to him since."

Morton listened intently, at the same time enjoying the vivid play of expression on the face whose changes he knew so well.

"That night," she hurried on, "when I looked in my glass at two A.M., I said to myself: 'Sarah Biddle, you look miserable, and you are miserable. You want to get away from this nonsense, to the dear, old, hot city, where people are doing something worth while, where life is surging along in earnest. And I rather guess you have money enough to go where you want to go!' So, after breakfast, I left."

She gave the chiffon veil a long twist, fixed her side combs, and settled in her seat with an air of finality. Morton saw with amazement that she considered her explanation complete.

"But, Sarah, how did you get away?" he asked.

Her eyes turned from the play-bills of a cheap theater they were passing, to his perspiring face.

"How?" she said calmly. "Why, I just told them I was coming home."

"But what did they say?" he insisted.

"Oh, first they stormed. Then they said only one of two things would take me to town in August—business about my money or a man in the case."

Morton's expression and attitude changed on the instant. "Well," he said sharply, "which was it?"

She was a tall woman, with a noble bearing, and when she looked him full in the eyes, her smile was of a dignity half maternal. She answered with perfect frankness, "It was a man in the case."

"Oh, Sarah!" he gasped, in horrible uncertainty.

"I knew you needed looking after. I knew you were lonely, and working too hard in order to forget it. I knew you were tired; you are. I knew your eyes were used up; they are. I knew you felt the heat more than ever, and wouldn't take any refreshing trolley-rides, or invent any dear little picnics, without your worthless but necessary chum.—Now I'm going to take you out every afternoon, and we'll read our Carlyle in the evenings, just as if I hadn't inherited any old money!"

The man wiped his face slowly and thoughtfully. He was much shaken, and had to pull himself together. A diversion was made by a fat, red-visaged Irishwoman, who boarded the car noisily, and pushing past Morton and Sarah, set herself and her large provision-basket in the other corner.

Morton drew a deep breath, and courageously looked at Sarah, who appeared to be unconscious of having said anything unusual. He tucked his hand under her arm, murmuring gently: "Sarah, I thought you had forgotten me. I didn't blame you, mind! I was glad to think that at last you were enjoying what your birth and your nature entitled you to, and that your brave conduct in adversity was being properly rewarded. I was happy to think it."

"I know you were," she said.

"I was tired," he owned. "But in the future, the knowledge that you thought of me and came back to cheer me up, will keep me from fatigue and every other ill. The memory of your sweetness and your loyalty will be my well of life, Sarah. You may be sure of that.—And now, listen to me!" His voice grew stern. "You must go back to your friends at Bar Harbor. If you don't care for that place, go to other places. Travel, Sarah, and get the good of the property that came to you late—but, thank God! not too late."

She regarded him with an amused tenderness. "You don't know me half so well as I know you, Morton. I don't want to spend my money in travel, at present. I came to the place I like and here I'm going to stay."

His look of adoration seemed to be nothing more than she expected. But he pulled himself up again resolutely.

"I'm right, though, Sarah. We can't be chums any longer. In spite of your heavenly kindness, it can't be the same as it was when we were both poor. My dear girl, don't you see that it's different?"

His eyes and voice were perilously close to tears. But she kept her balance.

"Certainly, I see that it's different. Because now I have the means to keep a house for us both."

He was trembling. "Sarah—just once I'll say 'my Sarah'—your husband must be a more brilliant man than this old friend, though he can never be more faithful. Your husband must be of your own age and your own financial standing. You make it hard, child, but you must go back to-morrow."

"You talk of my husband," she said, low and clear. "But I shall never have a husband, Morton, unless it is this unselfish old friend."

By a strange coincidence, he turned pale as she turned rosy. His plain face became beautiful. His tired eyes glowed with the fire of first youth, as he cried gaily, "You rogue! are you going to marry me by force?"

She nodded with a wise smile.

He leaned his lips close under her hat-brim, so that their murmur was just audible. "I love you," it sang; "I love you, I love you, I love you. I can never say anything else but this, Sarah, for my heart has been saying it all summer"

"I know," she said quietly; "I heard it, even at Bar Harbor."



Drawn by Herman Heyer

"QUARRELING WITH A HUCKSTER OVER A PIECE OF STALE FISH"



VIRGILIA

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

I

HAD we two gone down the world together,
I had made fair ways for the feet of Song,
And the world's fang been but a foam-soft feather,
The world that works us wrong.

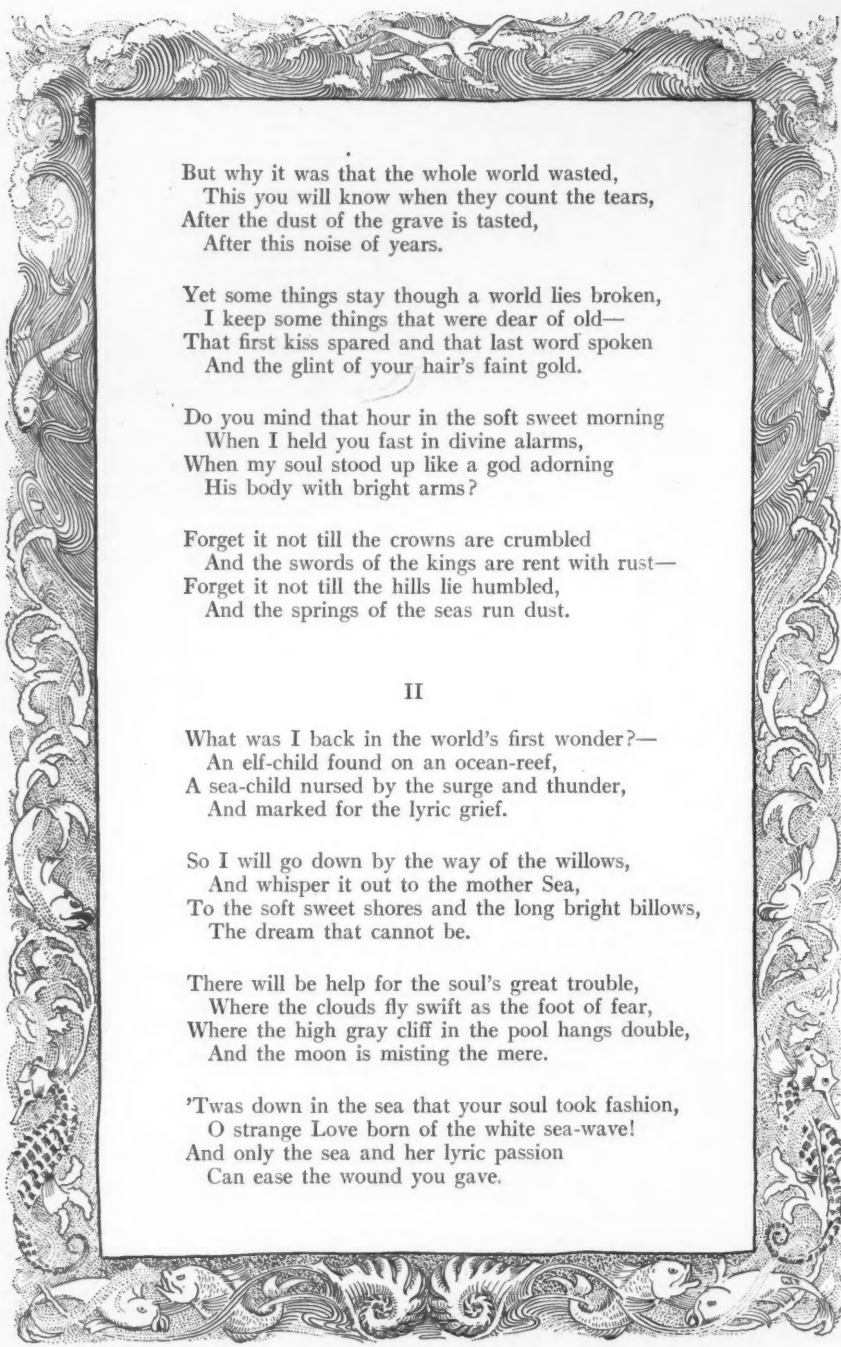
With you the cloud of my life had broken,
And the heavens rushed up to their final height:
That lone last peak of my soul had spoken,
That last peak lost in light.

If you had but stayed when the old sweet wonder
Was a precious pain in my pulsing side!
Why did you hurry our lives asunder—
You, born to be my bride?

What sent it upon me—my soul importunes—
All the grief of the world in a little span,
All the tears and fears, all the fates and fortunes,
That the heart holds for a man?

Is this then the pain that the first gods kneaded
Into all joy that the bright world brings?
Did the tears fall into the heap unheeded,
These tears in mortal things?

Aside from its indubitable lyrical value, this song is of special literary significance by reason of the fact that it is Mr. Markham's first love-poem to appear in print.—EDITOR'S NOTE.



But why it was that the whole world wasted,
This you will know when they count the tears,
After the dust of the grave is tasted,
After this noise of years.

Yet some things stay though a world lies broken,
I keep some things that were dear of old—
That first kiss spared and that last word spoken
And the glint of your hair's faint gold.

Do you mind that hour in the soft sweet morning
When I held you fast in divine alarms,
When my soul stood up like a god adorning
His body with bright arms?

Forget it not till the crowns are crumbled
And the swords of the kings are rent with rust—
Forget it not till the hills lie humbled,
And the springs of the seas run dust.

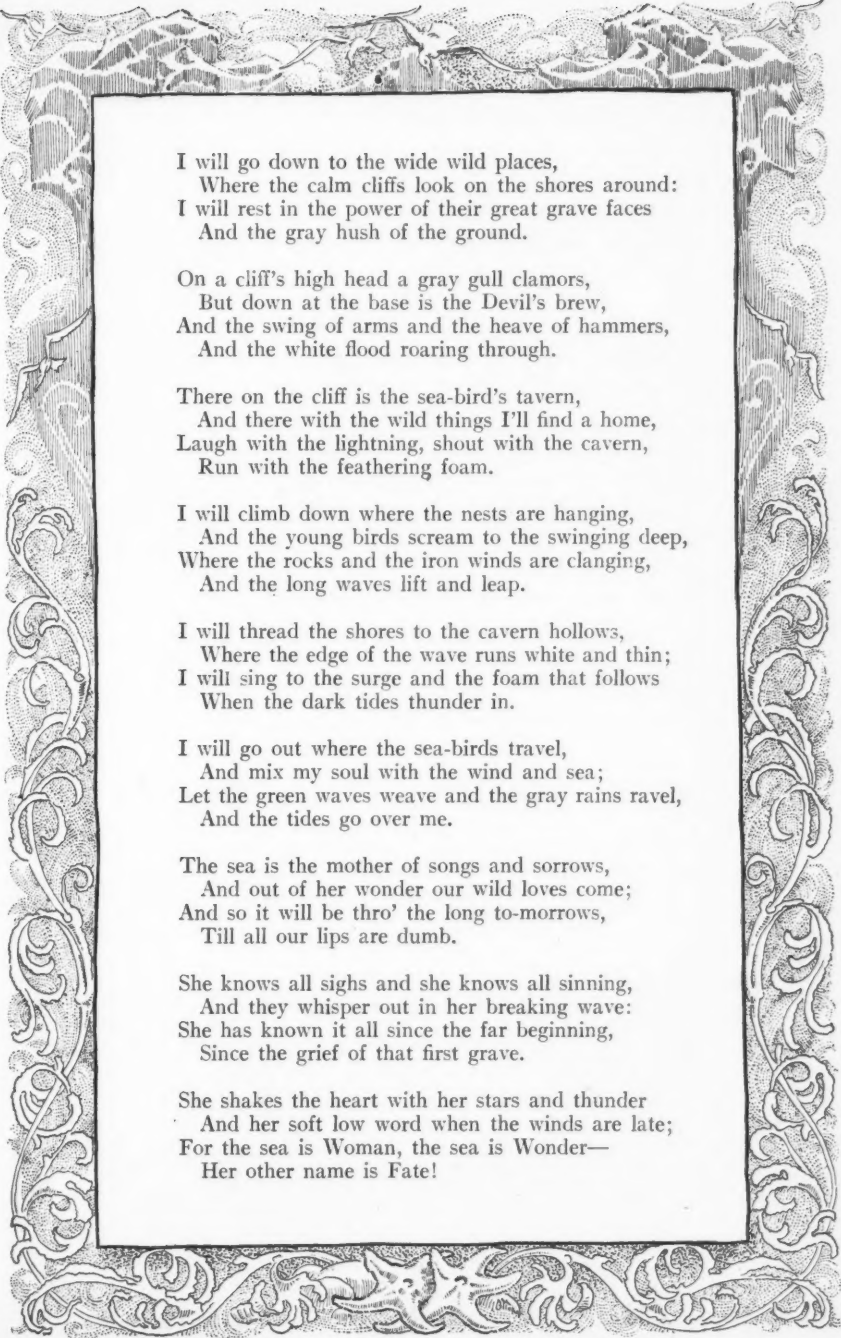
II

What was I back in the world's first wonder?—
An elf-child found on an ocean-reef,
A sea-child nursed by the surge and thunder,
And marked for the lyric grief.

So I will go down by the way of the willows,
And whisper it out to the mother Sea,
To the soft sweet shores and the long bright billows,
The dream that cannot be.

There will be help for the soul's great trouble,
Where the clouds fly swift as the foot of fear,
Where the high gray cliff in the pool hangs double,
And the moon is misting the mere.

'Twas down in the sea that your soul took fashion,
O strange Love born of the white sea-wave!
And only the sea and her lyric passion
Can ease the wound you gave.



I will go down to the wide wild places,
Where the calm cliffs look on the shores around:
I will rest in the power of their great grave faces
And the gray hush of the ground.

On a cliff's high head a gray gull clamors,
But down at the base is the Devil's brew,
And the swing of arms and the heave of hammers,
And the white flood roaring through.

There on the cliff is the sea-bird's tavern,
And there with the wild things I'll find a home,
Laugh with the lightning, shout with the cavern,
Run with the feathering foam.

I will climb down where the nests are hanging,
And the young birds scream to the swinging deep,
Where the rocks and the iron winds are clanging,
And the long waves lift and leap.

I will thread the shores to the cavern hollows,
Where the edge of the wave runs white and thin;
I will sing to the surge and the foam that follows
When the dark tides thunder in.

I will go out where the sea-birds travel,
And mix my soul with the wind and sea;
Let the green waves weave and the gray rains ravel,
And the tides go over me.

The sea is the mother of songs and sorrows,
And out of her wonder our wild loves come;
And so it will be thro' the long to-morrows,
Till all our lips are dumb.

She knows all sighs and she knows all sinning,
And they whisper out in her breaking wave:
She has known it all since the far beginning,
Since the grief of that first grave.

She shakes the heart with her stars and thunder
And her soft low word when the winds are late;
For the sea is Woman, the sea is Wonder—
Her other name is Fate!

There is daring and dream in her billows breaking—
In the burst of her beauty our griefs forget:
She can ease the heart of the old, old aching,
And put away regret.

III

Will you find rest as our ways disserve?
Will the gladness grow as the days increase?
Howbeit, I leave on your soul forever
The word of the eternal peace.

I will go the way and my song shall save me,
Tho' grief goes with me ever abreast:
I will finish the work that the strange God gave me,
And then pass on to rest.

I will go back to the great world-sorrow,
To the millions bearing the double load—
The fate of to-day and the fear of to-morrow:
I will taste the dust of the road.

I will go back to the pains and the pities
That break the heart of the world with moan;
I will forget in the grief of the cities
The 'burden of my own.

There in the world-grief my own grief humbles,
My own hour melts in the days to be,
As the wild white foam of a river crumbles,
Forgotten in the sea.





ON THE PINNACLE OF THE AIGUILLE DE GRÉPON, MONT BLANC

Most Daring of All Mountain-Climbers

Intrepid Spirits Who Have Actually Scaled the Tragic Aiguille de Grépon

BY GEORGE D. ABRAHAM

Member of the English Climbers' Club and the Swiss and German Alpine Clubs

IF the average person were asked to name the most difficult climb he knows, he probably would name the Matterhorn; and this because of that mountain's unenviable record of tragedy. But any mountaineer moderately versed in the knowledge of his sport knows how erroneous is this popular idea. There is as much difference between an ordinary climb up the Matterhorn and that which I am about to describe as—well, between a summer's walk down Wall Street and a tramp from Skagway to the Klondike in the early nineties.

Probably the world contains somewhere more difficult peaks; but present-day mountaineers are agreed that those towering

aiguilles which flank the glacier-clad slopes of Mont Blanc are the hardest nuts to crack in the way of mountains which so far have been encountered. At any rate, unless human beings develop again claws and caudal appendages, I do not see how we can hope to be able to climb anything more difficult and dangerous than the Aiguille de Grépon, undoubtedly the most difficult known peak in the world. True it is that nobody has been killed on its terrific precipices, but only experienced mountaineers dare attempt it, and then only after careful preparation and a due appreciation of what they are undertaking. This fact accounts for its freedom so far from accidents.

It was late autumn when I arrived at the village of Chamounix, at the foot of the "Great White Mountain," and literally



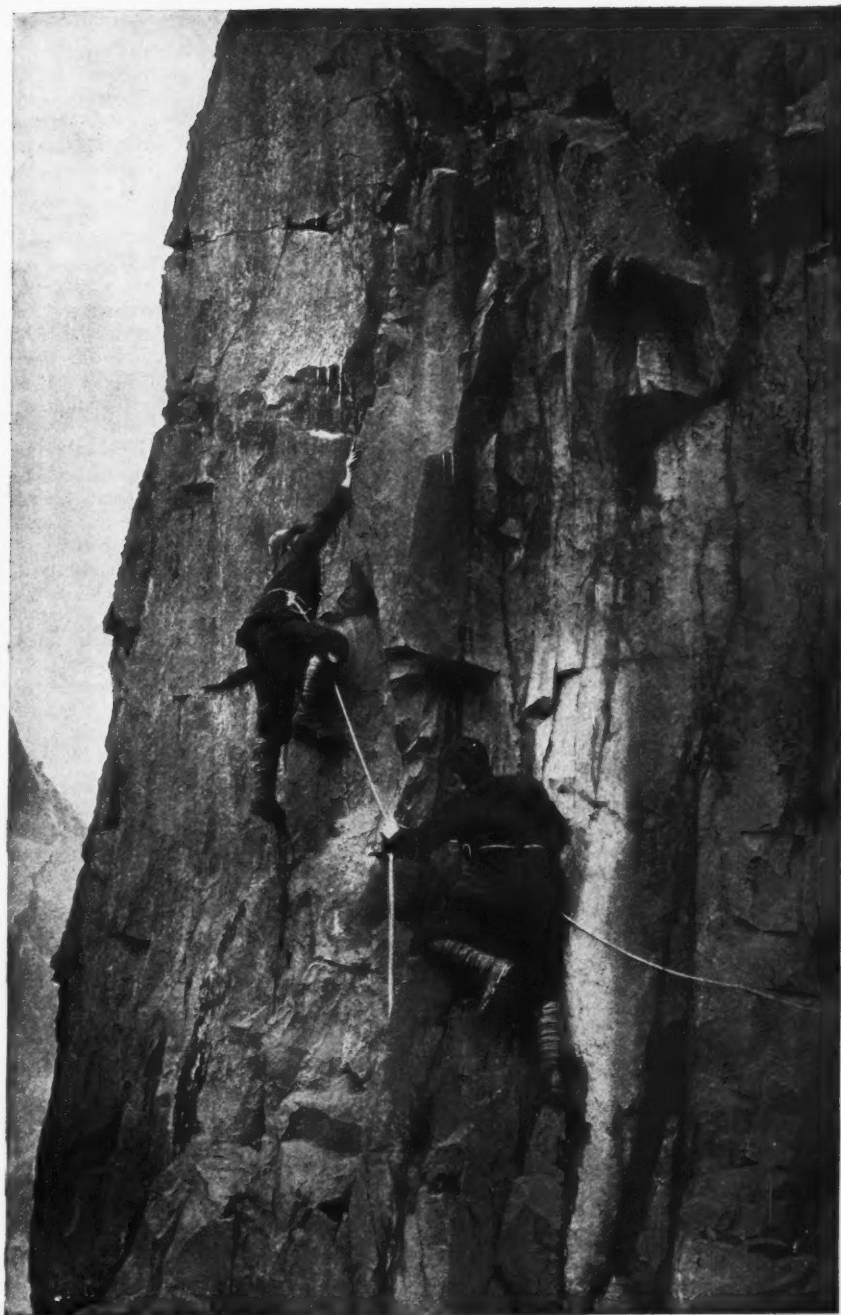
CUTTING STEPS ALONG A SLIPPERY LEDGE OF ICE

within the shadows of its aiguilles. Winter had set in earlier than usual, but here had been a welcome return of summer; and as I gazed up at the steep cliffs of the Grépon, the crash of the avalanches bespoke the presence of a warm sun which was quickly dislodging the newly fallen snow.

My first business was to select a guide, and the one whom I chose was a member of the famous Simond family. He was an intelligent and skillful fellow about thirty years of age, agile as a monkey and with plenty of courage and fun in him. It was necessary to engage a porter to help carry my camera, and my choice fell on one by the name of Amand. He was short and wiry, with a sun-bronzed face, which seemed to wear a perpetual smile; and we soon dubbed him the humorist of the party.

It was a beautiful afternoon as we strolled up through the shady pine-woods of the Blaitière. We were heavily laden with firewood and other luggage, although some porters had earlier in the day brought up some blankets and a brave array of eatables. All these were necessary luxuries, for winter had already taken possession in the higher regions. When the chimney of the little stove in the hut in which we spent our first night was cleared of snow and a fire lit, the interior gradually thawed; and some agility was needed to dodge the melting icicles and snow which bespattered us unmercifully from the ceiling. Everything inside the hut imbibed a share of the wandering moisture, while sleep was rendered doubly difficult by the sonorous snoring of Amand. So at 1 A.M. I stirred up my companions, and after another mountain meal we sallied forth in quest of the Grépon.

We soon gained some hard snow slopes, which led us easily over what is often a wilderness of loose stones, and up to the Nantillon glacier, which descends from the base of our peak. Gradually we mounted this until we arrived below an island of overhanging rocks which rose from the glacier. It was impossible to gain these directly, so after putting on the rope we climbed to the left amongst an intricate system of crevasses, until some icy pinnacles loomed weirdly above us. Here Simond cut steps along a slippery ledge of ice. The clattering of the pieces of dislodged ice far down into invisible depths on our left made us move cautiously,



THE HARDEST SCRAMBLE OF ALL



CROSSING THE GULF ON A RICKETY MASS OF SNOW AND ICICLES

for a great crevasse yawned below our fragile staircase. Then we turned to the right to gain the firm rocks, which we climbed quickly to the comparatively level upper glacier.

Our attention had been so closely riveted on the ascent, that we had scarcely noticed the beauties of the sunrise, but as we ate a second breakfast on a sloping rock ledge, the magnificence of the view was borne in upon us. The golden tinge of dawn tipped the Aiguille Blaitière, some three thousand feet directly above us, whilst night still lingered far below in the depths of the Chamounix's valley, where the village lights twinkled dreamily through the grayness. In the opposite direction, but slightly to our left, and silhouetted sharply against the eastern sky, rose the sharp pinnacled ridge of the Grépon, with its huge black precipices falling sheer on to the glacier where we lingered. In profile it somewhat resembled the digits of the human hand, the first finger representing the North Peak and the third finger the southern or highest point. We knew we had to cross all those great rock-fingers to achieve success, for the summit is nowadays inaccessible from the south side. Continuing the simile, a shattered pinnacle represented the thumb, and between this and the North Peak, or

first finger, a steep rock and snow couloir was apparently our route up.

At the bottom of this couloir we were stopped by a deep *bergschwend*, which stretched right across the glacier. Luckily, on the extreme right we found a rickety mass of snow and icicles spanning the gulf, and we stepped lightly across this natural bridge. I do not recall with pleasure the next two hours, for the usually easy snow-covered rocks were provokingly difficult. Two things impressed me strongly during our wearisome struggle with this part of the mountain: these were, the intense cold, which made us fervently hope there would be no "hitch" in the sunrise that morning, and the great temptation we all felt to leave the frozen rocks and climb up the steep loose snow in the bed of the couloir. We had almost yielded to this temptation,

when Simond took up a large rock and threw it out onto the surface of the treacherous snow. Then, with first a gentle glide followed by a rushing swirl, the loose new snow slid off the icy bed of the couloir, and, in ever-augmenting quantities, we heard it go thundering down to the glacier, some thousand feet below. Amand aptly remarked that we did not want to spend the rest of our lives sliding down that terrible slope, so we perforce stuck to the rocks and eventually gained the crest of the ridge at the foot, where the real difficulties began.

Here we stepped suddenly into the chilly morning sunshine which filtered weakly through a thin mist, and a halt was called for lunch. This was not a success, for our provisions were frozen into solid masses, and the pieces we were able to chip away were dull and flavorless. Having done duty to this perfunctory meal and packed our *rucksacks*, we turned eagerly to survey the work ahead. The huge bastion of the North Peak looked absolutely impossible to direct assault, but across the couloir to our right an almost vertical crack, some seventy feet high, led up between a large detached slab of rock and the face of the cliff. It actually overhung in its lower portion, and the hand-holds in its inner recesses were insidiously covered with flaky ice.

This was the well-known "Cheminée Mummery."

There being proverbial authority that "many hands make labor light," we assumed that this applied also to heads and shoulders. Acting on this deduction we crossed to the foot of the crack, where Amand skillfully acted as a sort of flying buttress and held me against the rocks while Simond mounted on my shoulders, and by a final kick-off from the top of my head was able to hoist himself halfway up the difficult part. Struggling carefully up for some ten feet, until a shelving ledge conveniently placed as hold for the left foot served as a resting-place, he recouped his strength for the upper portion. This proved easier than expected, for by this time the warm sun had dispelled the mist and its welcome rays had thawed the ice from the tiny ledges which serve as hand- and foot-holds.

From the top of the crack our only possible way was to cross again into wintry conditions on the shady side of the peak, where we climbed up snow-covered rocks until a tremendous hole in the ridge, aptly called "the Cannon-Hole," formed a natural passage through to the other side into glorious sunshine. From there our route lay up the sunny precipice, and now was the time to enjoy the real pleasures of our mountain sport. Great rough brown slabs rose tier on tier above us, well decorated with firm hand- and foot-holds, while the sensational element was certainly not wanting, for the tremendous cliff to which we clung dropped sheer onto the Mer de Glace, some five thousand feet below.

Skirting the northern summit on the right, we descended some smooth rocks for about twenty feet, and clambered up a difficult corner to a ledge which terminated suddenly. Peering over, we saw that our peak was cut off from the rest of the mountain by an overhanging step in the ridge some hundred feet in depth. This was the Great Gap, and a curious rock which stood by our side seemed to have been placed by a kind Providence to act as a belaying-pin. After tying our two-hundred-feet length of rope together, Simond passed it around this hitch and lowered us one at a time down into the cleft. It caused an eerie feeling, dangling in mid-air amongst such surroundings. I will not describe my sensations, except to say that



CLIMBING THE BUTTRESS



UP THE SUNNY PRECIPICE ABOVE THE "CANNON-HOLE"

at the time one thickness of thin Alpine rope seemed strangely inadequate to hold my weight, though the guaranteed tests by scientists give its breaking-point at double the strain.

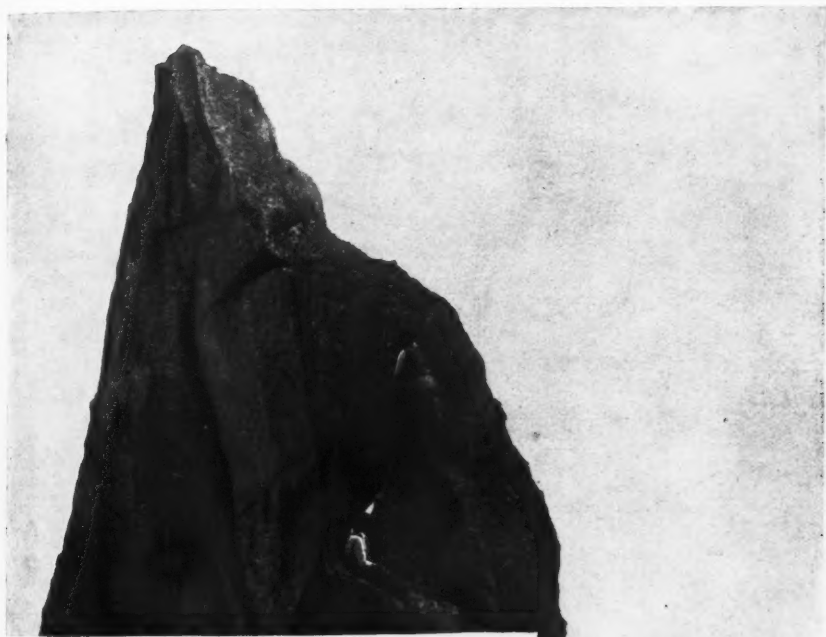
The ridge hereabouts narrowed down to almost razor-like sharpness. We crept carefully along its crest, with the Mer de

Glace on our left and the Nantillon glacier on our right, dimly seen through eddying mists some thousands of feet below. Clinging with hands and knees to this sharp rock, the discomfort of the situation made me wonder how much more of it would be necessary to sever my frail anatomy in two equal parts, and which of them would arrive first on its respective glacier. This portion ended near a broad pinnacle, which seemed to bar our passage, but Simond led us skillfully up its smooth front. Descending on its farther side, a remarkable ledge overhanging the Mer de Glace, which Amand called the "Rue de la Bicyclette," afforded us almost a promenade to the base of the final peak. The ascent thence was most impressive. A series of narrow chimneys led up to a diminutive ledge, and here we were forced out onto an upright nose of granite. Two small vertical cracks an inch or two wide and rising parallel about a yard apart, supplied the only available holds. With the right foot jammed in one crack and the hands gripping the other firmly, I scrambled cautiously up until a slab could be reached, where the hand-holds were just sufficient to make one feel the desperate nature of the situation. To leave the friendly cracks and allow one's body to swing steadily out between earth and sky on those holds was the crux of this portion. However, a steady movement to the left brought a satisfying knob of rock within reach, and by severe muscular effort the body could be raised to the top of the buttress. It was a mystery to me how Simond led up this portion. Truly there is much to learn in the art of rock-climbing.

The main difficulties were now over, and a struggle up another chimney landed us safely at the summit. As we stood on its apex and gazed across at the glorious array of Alpine giants which crouched all around on their glacier beds, we appreciated to the full the feelings described by Tennyson:

"The joy of life in steepness overcome
And victories of ascent, and looking down
On all that had looked down on us,
In breathing nearer heaven."

My soliloquies were effectively disturbed by Amand, who spoke in appetizing fashion of the delicacies which awaited us below the summit on the ledge where we had



left our luggage. We soon slid down the chimney to our mountain eating-place, a small ledge a few feet square overhanging the Nantillon glacier. Here we held on by each other, and soon a stream of well-cleaned chicken-bones began to clatter down the precipice to the glacier. By way of entertainment, a fine bird of the hawk tribe performed marvelous gymnastic feats by catching these fragments in mid-air. It came near partaking of its last meal, for Amand dislodged a great rock which whizzed quite close to its body and crashed with an accompanying host of splinters down to the foot of the crags.

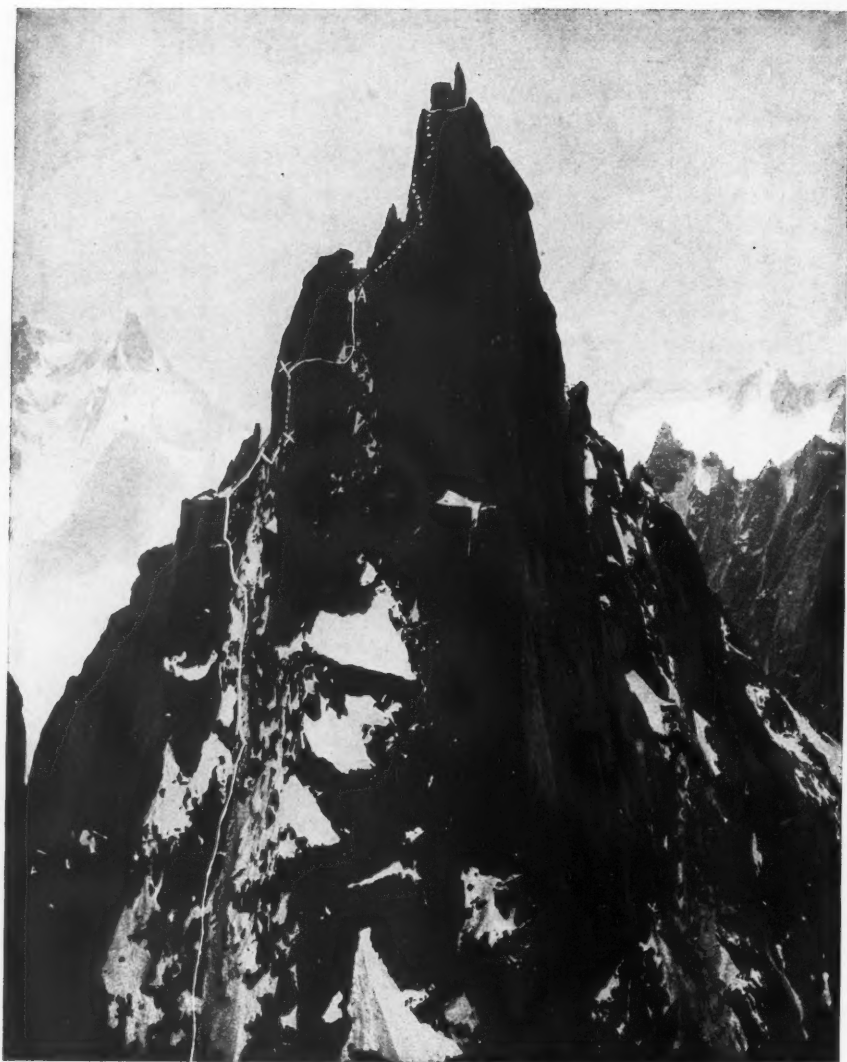
Right below us some tiny black specks, which were really some friends crossing the glacier, showed sudden signs of activity, for the noise made them fear an avalanche, and their warning yells were wafted faintly up to our airy perch.

Before our meal was finished, fleecy mist began to drift up from the south, and my companions were all haste for the descent. Our route lay down the tremendous south face of the peak, and consisted mostly of a series of climbs down hitched ropes. A number of *pitons* driven into cracks in the rocks enabled us to secure the rope and pull it down after us, as we had done previously in the Great Gap. I became heartily tired of this sort of thing, and it was a relief to gain the easy snow-covered rocks below the peak.

A little lower down, we passed carefully along a



UP THE CREST OF THE NORTH PEAK



ROUTE (INDICATED BY WHITE LINE) FOLLOWED IN CLIMBING THE AIGUILLE DE GRÉPON

fine example of a snow cornice which overhung the mist-filled abyss above the glacier for some forty or fifty feet. Soon we were running and stumbling down the soft snow of the glacier, while the mist grew thicker and thicker. It was a relief at last to strike the tracks of the other party, and these we followed until we bade adieu to the "White World" and stood once more on the loose rocks on the mo-

rairie. Before we reached Chamounix it was raining hard, and next morning when I gazed from my bedroom window, the valley was filled with moisture, and dark, damp clouds rolled and swirled amongst the great peaks. Further climbing of them was over for that season, so I bade adieu.

Two days later I was in the throes of a mid-Channel gale, and longing for the peace and calm of the mountains once more.

The Teppenpaw Price

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

Author of "The Grafters"



It was fully three o'clock in the afternoon of the day of the County Convention before Teppenpaw got away from the Trego Hotel and the dinner tendered him by the leading members of his party.

Time was when it would never have occurred to a Greene County constituency to dine a candidate for the Legislature; but the world moves, even in the solid South. To be sure, the banquet in this instance was no more than a shirt-sleeved gathering about Tarkins' longest table in the bare dining-room of the tavern, with Tarkins' roast pork, boiled cabbage and the other hearty comestibles of a farmer's midday meal for the viands. But its significance remains.

The idea originated in the fertile brain of Jake Layne, one of the party stand-bys. Teppenpaw was a dark horse. His name had been sprung upon the Convention at the last moment, when it had become evident that Luttrell and his miner delegates would bolt if either Carmody or Bullick—both lukewarm in the cause of organized labor—became the party candidate. Some one had suggested Teppenpaw as a compromise. Luttrell had demurred. One of the issues of the campaign was the proposed repeal of the State law authorizing the sale of convict labor to the highest bidder: how did Teppenpaw stand on this?

A miner from the Luttrell faction had been deputed to take the young farmer aside for probing purposes, and Teppenpaw, knowing nothing of the log-rolling, or of the mention of his name in connection with the candidacy, had answered unguardedly. He thought it would be well to repeal a law which held the threat of convict competition over the heads of free men in the coal-mines, and said so. Whereupon Luttrell had swung his contingent into line, and the nomination was made and carried before Teppenpaw fully understood what

was happening. After the adjournment, Layne and some others thought it might be well to examine their hastily chosen compromise specimen under the party microscope. Hence the dinner at Tarkins'.

"I reckon ye wasn't lookin' for this when ye drove over from the Third District this mornin', was ye, John?" said Layne, when the steel knives and forks were fairly in play over Tarkins' red-checked tablecloth.

"No," said Teppenpaw soberly. "And if you pushers had given me half a chance to say what I wanted to, it 'd never 've come to a vote on my name this side o' kingdom come."

"Listen at him!" laughed Triggs, another of the party wheel-horses. "Ye ortn't to be so bashful, John. They ain't nobody goin' to bite ye up yonder at the capital."

Teppenpaw looked down the length of the table and braced himself resolutely for what he had to do. He was a strong-limbed, square-shouldered young fellow, with steel-gray eyes and the reticent, immobile face of the mountaineer stock. From a sheer sense of duty he had attended his district convention the night before; and being appointed a delegate to the county gathering, he had been present to answer to his name. Farther into politics he would have said that oxen could not have drawn him.

"I reckon it's a heap too late now to make the kick that would have kept you all from shovin' me to the front the way you did," he began gravely; "but it ain't too late to tell you what you've run up against. I'm no politician; I don't even know as I'm what you'd call a good Democrat. If it came to a question of what I believed to be right against the party, I'd bolt in a minute.

"But that isn't all," Teppenpaw went on, doggedly. "I ain't the first little bit in sympathy with the way things are done in politics. For instance—as a candidate, I don't allow to contribute a dollar to the campaign fund; and you all know I've

given as free as I could afford to in the past."

"Well, that's all right, too," said the two hundred pounds of approval at the farther end of the table. "What's next?"

"Next is something that'll cost me every third vote in the county, I reckon," said the dark horse, bracing himself a little more stiffly. "I ain't going to lose a month's time ridin' all over this county beggin' for votes."

This was a body-blow at custom—the time-honored Southern custom which decrees that a candidate shall do much of his own electioneering.

"I reckon ye'll jest about *have* to do that, John," objected Layne, breaking the knife-and-fork silence that followed Teppenpaw's declaration.

"No," said honest John, sturdily. "And there's yet one more thing: if I'm elected, I go to the capital without havin' any strings tied to me. I make no swaps or bargains or promises beforehand."

Slawson, the county prosecuting attorney, looked up from his plate.

"Seems to me you might have told us some of these things over yonder in the court-room, Mr. Teppenpaw."

"You can't any of you say I didn't try to," asserted the candidate. "But you-all turned in and hollered me down. Now I reckon you've got to make the best of it and take the chances."

Biglow, the town wag, passed his cup for more of Tarkins' chicory coffee.

"Lucky for us there ain't a-goin' to be any chances to take," he laughed. "The Greene County Democracy could elect a wooden Indian, if it had a mind to. What I'm worryin' most about is what John'll do when some o' them lobbyists up yonder at the capital flashes a roll on him."

It was a joke, and Teppenpaw joined in the laugh. But when it came his turn again, he said, "That's all right amongst friends, Josh; but it's a place where an honest man might be pretty thin-skinned."

"Shucks!" said a young farmer from Teppenpaw's own neighborhood, "that ain't nothin' to get mad about. They all do it. Every man's got his price, nowadays."

Teppenpaw turned on him quickly. "When you hear a man say that, you know toler'ble well where to find *him*, Hank."

The table applauded the hit, and the youngling laughed good-naturedly.

"Oh, I ain't got any wings sproutin'," he confessed. "I own up right now that it'd be the size of the pile that 'd catch me."

"Wouldn't have to be so high 'at y'u couldn't see oveh the top of it, neither, would it, Hank?" drawled Layne.

"I wouldn't ask for any more'n I could tote away," said the potential grafter; and again the tolerant laugh was all but unanimous.

Teppenpaw pushed back his chair. It was growing late, and he had twelve miles to drive over a bad road.

"Well, gentlemen, I've got to go," he said, in apology. "But I'll leave you something to chew on. Ain't it just such jokin' as this that makes it so doggoned easy for the thieves? I believe it is; and if, instead o' laughin' at it, we'd set out to make it hotter than summer-time for the bribe-takers——"

Biglow's great laugh cut him short.

"Can we do you that-away, John, when you come back?"

"You can, for a fact, if there's any dirty money in my clothes," was the emphatic rejoinder. "And what's more, if you don't do it, you'll be parties to the crime, ever' last one of you."

There was a good, hearty silence at the long table after Teppenpaw went out, and it was the county attorney who broke it.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "you see what we've got before us. As Biglow says, it's lucky that Greene is pretty solid. If the Republicans only knew what they haven't got to buck against, they'd make the fight of their lives."

This was the general feeling; but notwithstanding Teppenpaw's apparent coldness, the campaign progressed smoothly for the dominant party through the weeks that followed. True to his promise, the candidate took no active part, would do no personal electioneering, and was deaf to the solicitations of the various committees deputed to "see" or sound him touching his opinions on the issues.

By consequence, he ran considerably behind his ticket at the polls; but as Biglow had prophesied, he was safely elected. A Democrat who was known to be a Democrat could scarcely be beaten in Greene; and there were not a few who voted enthusiastically for the man who, barely knowing his alphabet at fourteen, had fought his

way successfully through a country college, and whose well-tilled farm on the Drinkwater road was the envy of his neighbors.

The General Assembly met the second Tuesday in January, and Teppenpaw went a day ahead of time to avoid any possible political send-off at the Trego railroad station. His wife drove him to town in the farm-wagon, with their ten-year-old boy for company on her return; and the twelve miles over the frozen road were measured in the chill winter dawn.

Happily, the branch accommodation-

In spite of, or perhaps by reason of, his country college education, John Teppenpaw found himself very much alone when the through train dumped him in the crowded station of the capital. One reason for the early-morning start from Trego was the promise of an early-afternoon arrival in the city. But a wrecked freight-train had intervened, and it was late supper-time when he reached the Jackson House, the great hotel on the corner below the Capitol grounds.

He had not intended going to the hotel.



Drawn by Thomas Fogarty

HIS WIFE DROVE HIM TO TOWN IN THE FARM-WAGON, WITH THEIR TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY FOR COMPANY ON HER RETURN

train was on time, and Teppenpaw drove down to the water-tank to meet it. In all his married life he had never been away from home for more than a night at a time.

"Take good care of your mammy, Tom," he said, kissing the boy. "And, Molly, don't you try to do too much. When the mulley cow comes fresh, get Sam Bridger to help you with the milking; she's mighty ornery with a new calf around. And write every time you get a chance, little woman. I reckon I'll be right lonesome. Good-by."

He swung up to the platform of the moving car, and his last home glimpse was of little Tom, manfully geeing the team into the Drinkwater road.

Jeffersonian simplicity was his ideal, and a quiet boarding-house for the servant of the people squared best with it. But it was too late to look for anything more than supper and a refuge for the night, so the hospitable swing-doors of the Jackson engulfed him.

There was bedazzlement for country eyes in the thronged and brightly lighted lobby. When he had written his name in the thick guest-book, the clerk's cordial greeting was like the warmth of an open fire on a chilly night.

"Glad to have you with us, Mr. Teppenpaw. The Jackson is like an omnibus—always room for one more. How did you leave things down in good old Greene?"



Drawn by Thomas Fogarty

LITTLE TOM, MANFULLY GEEING THE TEAM INTO THE DRINKWATER ROAD

"Why—all right, I reckon," said John, wondering. He thought he knew nearly every family in the home valley, and the clerk's face was not familiar. "You from Greene?"

"Oh, no," with a continuation of the professional smile; "I'm from down Columbia way. But, of course, I knew you must be Mr. Teppenpaw of Greene County."

Teppenpaw followed a brass-buttoned black boy through the caucusing crowd to the elevator, still clinging to his hand-bag with rural pertinacity. Left alone in the comfortable steam-heated room on the third floor, the member from Greene looked about him, and the vision of the simple boarding-house began to fade. It would probably cut deeply into the legislative stipend to stay on at the hotel, and he had made a mental resolve to carry at least half of the five dollars a day home with him. But perhaps something was due to the dignity of his office.

After he had freshened himself in the luxurious bath-room, he went out to wander through thickly carpeted corridors and down short flights of stairs until he found the dining-room. Here the magnificence, the French menu card and the deft and respectful service threatened to take his appetite. It was not much like Tarkins', at Trego; no more than he, John Teppenpaw, was like the well-groomed, shrewd-eyed gentleman, in trim business clothes and irreproachable linen, who sat opposite.

It was not etiquette at Tarkins' to make talk with strangers at table, so John held his peace. But the gentleman opposite was inclined to be neighborly.

"Come over to attend the session?" he queried, after a decent interval.

"Yes; I'm the member from Greene," said John absently. He was frowning over the unintelligible menu card, and the waiter was growing decorously impatient.

"Permit me," interrupted his table-mate, reaching across for the card. "I'll order for two, if you like. It'll make it seem a little more homelike."

John resigned the French with a sigh of relief and the feeling that he had found a friend. Thenceforth the elaborate dinner was robbed of its most formidable features. The neighborly gentleman talked easily, and what was more remarkable, he, or the homesickness, made Teppenpaw talk; so that by the time the little coffees were served the casual had become the intimately personal.

As they left the table and the dining-room together, the new acquaintance said: "I suppose you will want to go down and do a little log-rolling with the others before bedtime. I saw they were hard at it as I came through the lobby."

"No," said John, definitively. "Not having any axes of my own to grind, I'm let out of turning the stone for somebody else."

"Good. Then let's get a cigar and sit down and look on—unless you have something better to do."

John had not, and he was glad to postpone a possible return of the isolated feeling. As they were passing the clerk's counter, his companion said something in a low tone to the smiling personage behind it, and the reply was instant and suave.

"Of course: Mr. Teppenpaw, let me introduce Mr. Fanning, president of the Southern Implement Company."

John's slow smile lightened his grave face when he shook hands with Fanning.

"Seems sort o' stiff and belated, after we've been jawing one another across the table for the last half-hour, doesn't it?"

"Yes, the social forms are pretty mechanical, when you come to think of it." Then, genially: "Shall we find a comfortable corner and sit a while? I'm interested in what you've been telling me about your farming methods. It's in my line, you know."

The corner and two unoccupied chairs were found, and at the end of an hour Teppenpaw had told the manufacturer all about himself: his farming, his ambition to own the best land, the best cattle, the best homestead in Greene County. Lastly he spoke of the chance which had flung him into politics, laughing quietly and calling himself a happen-so.

"I'm sure your fellow-citizens couldn't have made a better choice," was Fanning's commentary on this last. "You are a man of high ideals, and the good Lord knows we need such men in politics nowadays."

"Oh, I don't know about the ideals," said John, bluntly. "I just know I'm going to stand for what I think is right."

"That is all the best man in the world could do," was the reply. Then the manufacturer smoked in silence for a full minute before he said, "How is the feeling over in your county about the repeal of the convict contract law, Mr. Teppenpaw?"

"Why, I don't know what the feeling is, generally"—John had quite forgotten the crucial question put to him by Luttrell's striker in the pandemoniac moment of the County Convention, and his answer thereto. "We're farmers, most of us, and it doesn't touch us. But for myself, I think it ought to be repealed."

"Why?"

"Well, on general principles, I reckon. It doesn't seem right to make free labor mix up man to man with criminals."

"That is never done," was the quick response. "The convict labor is sold to

the highest bidder, who takes it all, or all he can use of it, and employs no other."

"Yes; but that throws just that many free men out of a job."

"My dear sir! That shows just how little you've gone into the thing. Granted that the convicts take the place of free labor to a very limited extent, isn't it better to have them earn their own living than to make them a charge on free labor by keeping them in idleness?"

"I don't know but it is; as you say, I haven't gone into it very much. But there's another point one o' the newspapers made. This convict labor is always cheap. That lets whoever contracts for it undersell other people. Doesn't that get back at free labor another way?"

"Nonsense!" said Fanning; "mere partisan shelling of the woods, Mr. Teppenpaw. Under the present law the convicts are a source of revenue to the State, and they are provided with useful, healthful employment—which is little less than a Godsend to the poor devils. You think it over before you make up your mind to work for the repeal."

The member for Greene said he would, and parted cordially from the man of business when the latter said he must go home. "Hunt me up again, Mr. Fanning," he said, at the hand-shaking. "I reckon I need jogging up a little on some o' these bigger things."

Since this was the Sunday evening, and the Assembly would not convene until Tuesday, there was a clear day in which Teppenpaw might have looked for the simple, Jeffersonian boarding-house. But on the Monday he was otherwise and far more pleasantly employed. Early in the forenoon, the president of the Southern Implement Company turned up at the hotel with a team that made John's horse-loving eyes water, and the entire day was spent in Fanning's company.

Afterward, there was even less time for house-hunting. When the work of the session began, Teppenpaw applied himself like a schoolboy to his task, determined to understand the intricacies of each separate measure before voting upon it. In the House they called him the silent member for Greene, and made sport of him; but he took it good-naturedly and only grumbled the harder in the field of legal phrasings.

In these bill-studies, Fanning proved

himself a friend in need. Before the session was a fortnight old, acquaintance had ripened into friendship, and Fanning generously put his experience as a man of the wider world at Teppenpaw's disposal. In a very few days Greene County had shrunk to its proper inconsequent proportions on the State map, and John was freely owning himself a jay, with everything to learn.

Long afterward, he remembered that these educational talks often turned upon the beneficence of the convict labor law, and he was then able to trace his change of opinion regarding it step by step. But at the time he would have said that there was no change; that he was merely getting a broader point of view. Indeed, he was growing broader and more lenient in every way, as witness an admission made to Fanning one evening over the *tête-à-tête* dinner in the Jackson café which had come to be a frequent thing with them.

"There's another thing I've got onto since I came here, Mr. Fanning. Politics ain't as black as they're painted in the newspapers. I've been here three weeks, now, right in the thick of it, and I've got to have the first man make a break at me to influence my vote."

The expression on the president's face was hard to read. But what he said was:

"You're quite right about that. Of course, where no question of right and wrong is involved, a man may very properly serve his friends. Don't you think so?"

John was not of two minds on this point.

"He's a mighty no-account sort of man who won't stand by his friends," he declared.

There was more talk of the same sort before the dinner was over, and Teppenpaw went to bed that night warm with loyalty for the man who was proving himself so friendly toward the jay.

It was over a similar little dinner, one evening when the six weeks' session was nearing its close, that Teppenpaw found words to thank his benefactor.

"I'd 've had a mighty lonesome time up here for these six weeks if it hadn't been for you, Mr. Fanning," he began, hardly knowing how to put it gratefully enough. "It's grinding me a little to think that I can't pay it back. But if you should ever get as far into the backwoods as old Greene,

Molly and all of us 'd be mighty proud to have you make an arm over our table."

"Don't mention it," said the genial host—the little dinners were nearly all of his giving, as were the drives, the theater-tickets and all the other relaxations. "The pleasure has been more than half mine, I assure you; and I've been sorry a hundred times that Mrs. Fanning's absence has made it impossible for me to offer you better hospitality."

"I'm sort o' glad of that," said honest John. "I reckon I wouldn't cut much of a figure in your house."

"Nonsense!" said the host. "You are making it harder and harder for me to confess. This has been partly a matter of business with me. You belong to a class of men that our company is always trying to get hold of—the educated farmer who knows his business, and the value of improved, up-to-date machinery. Tell me, don't you have three or four months in the winter that you could give to a money-making side-line?"

"Why—yes; I reckon so," said Teppenpaw, wondering what was coming. But he was honest enough to add, "Only I don't know a thing in this world but farming."

"That's exactly what we want you to know," was the prompt rejoinder. "This year we've been trying an experiment, and it works so well that we are arranging to enlarge on it next winter. It is the plan of sending a few picked men—practical farmers like yourself—into the field to sell our implements. It's a success. These men are discounting our best salesmen, two to one. It's a long way ahead, but would you consider a proposal to take a territory for us, say in Texas, next winter?"

If Teppenpaw hesitated, it was purely on the ground of sentiment: he was wondering if he could stand it to leave Molly and the boy. Fanning misunderstood, and flung the money weight into the scale.

"We are paying these 'specials' twelve hundred dollars for the season; but in your case——"

John sat up as suddenly as if the electric-light current had been short-circuited through his spine. "Twelve hundred dollars!" he gasped. "Why, that's a hundred a month for a year!"

Fanning smiled. "Yes; rather more than the farm nets you, isn't it? But we can afford it. And it's a cinch for you.



Drawn by Thomas Fogarty

THE EXPRESSION ON THE PRESIDENT'S FACE WAS HARD TO READ

We make good goods—you know that, for you use them—and we can undersell anybody on the market.”

Teppenpaw lost the significance of this last remark, being submerged in a sea of tremendous possibilities. There was a mortgage of six hundred dollars on the farm: half of the twelve hundred would lift that, and the other half judiciously invested in registered Jerseys—

“Shall I fill out the agreement?” asked Fanning, taking a blank and a fountain-pen from his pocket.

“I’m just hunting for the right word to tell you what a big thing it is for me, Mr. Fanning. You can call it business, if you want to; but I’m going to call it friendship, as long as I live.”

“Call it anything you like,” said the president brusquely; “it’s a good stroke of

business for us. Just sign your name under mine, there—on the bottom line. That's it. Now we'll settle the money part of it," and he took a blank check from another pocket and quickly filled it out to John's order. "There's your first year's salary," he added, tossing him the check.

John's eyes were moist when he said: "You're buryin' me so deep I'll never be able to dig out. I was going to have to renew a mortgage on the place this summer, and I didn't want to. I hope to gracious I'll get a chance, some time, to—"

Fanning put the grateful protest aside with good-natured brusquerie, and passed his cigar-case.

"Now you are one of us, you must let me drive you out to the factory to-morrow and show you our stock," he said. "You can pair with one of your colleagues for the afternoon session."

Teppenpaw had never missed a session before, but he could not refuse the man who had with one stroke of the pen made him independent of Grigsby, the Trego money-lender. So he paired with the Republican member from Gault County, and the inspection trip was made as prefigured. It held a sharp surprise for Teppenpaw. The workmen in the Southern Implement Company's factory were uniformed in shapeless garments of black-and-white stripes, and many of them wore chain leg-fetters.

"Great Moses!—convicts?" he gasped.

"Why, yes," said Fanning. "Haven't I ever spoken of it? I supposed everybody in the State knew that we were the successful bidders. They're ideal workmen; no kick on pay-day, no strikes, no trouble of any kind. And we get them at just about half-price. You'll know better what that means when you are out in Texas next winter competing with other factories."

It was possibly no more than a coincidence that on this particular afternoon, while Teppenpaw was learning the alphabet of implement-making, the repeal bill came up for its third reading in the House. But it was certainly unfortunate that a member who was earnestly desirous of doing the right thing should have missed hearing the debate; the more since the business methods of the Southern Implement Company were given an airing.

But Teppenpaw did not hear it; and it was Fanning himself who brought the subject up at the dinner-table that evening.

"By the way, Teppenpaw," he said casually, between the fish and the entrées, "I nearly made the mistake of my life taking you out to the factory this afternoon. The repeal bill was up for discussion, and Burbank tells me we needed every friend we have. As it was, we barely managed to keep it from coming to a vote."

Teppenpaw's eyes grew narrow. "That's so; you are interested in that bill, ain't you?"

Fanning laughed. "Don't say 'you,' say 'we.' You're one of us now, you must remember."

Six weeks earlier John would have shaken himself alive with a jerk. But now the spell of the shrewd eyes was upon him, and he only said, mildly: "So I am; I keep forgetting that. Reckon it's too late for me to get my oar in up yonder?" with a jerk of his thumb in the direction of the Capitol.

Fanning drew a long breath, and his fine white teeth came together with a little snap. "So you'll fight for us, will you? Listen, and I'll tell you what's got to be done."

The low-toned conference over the corner table in the café was protracted until the latest of the late diners had come and gone. At its close, Teppenpaw rose and held out his hand to the manufacturer.

"It'll go; as you say, it's got to go. You get Burbank to keep it from coming to a vote too soon—I'm no good at chockin' the wheels—and I'll work on the farmers. Good night."

Two days later—the delay having been purchased for vote-swaying purposes by the most strenuous filibustering on the part of its opponents—the repeal measure was lost by the narrowest possible margin—namely, by one vote.

Representative Teppenpaw found that he had a small war on his hands when he went home after the session; but he fought its opening campaign in the strength of conscious rectitude.

It was Luke Luttrell who precipitated the conflict, and the battle-field was Biggers' store in Trego, with a group of cold-weather stove-huggers for onlookers. Teppenpaw had been home long enough to get the early plowing in train, and he came to town late one afternoon to lay in a supply of groceries. Biggers was filling his order when Luttrell entered.



Drawn by Thomas Fogarty

LUTTRELL BACKED OFF WITH AN OATH AND SHOVED HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS

"Howdy, Luke?" said John, offering to shake hands.

Luttrell backed off with an oath and shoved his hands in his pockets.

"I ain't shakin' hands with no damn' vote-sellin' scab!" he retorted; and the men around the stove sat up and took notice.

Teppenpaw came of fighting stock, and the veins in his forehead began to swell.

"That's a toler'ble hard word, Luke. Maybe you wouldn't mind tellin' these gentlemen here what you're a-meanin' by it," he said, in his quietest tones.

"Hell!" said the labor boss, "they all know mighty well; there ain't a man in Trego that don't know."

"I'm in Trego, and I don't know."

"You don't, hey? I reckon you done forgot about that promise you made to the Miners' Union in the Convention when you killed that convict labor bill in the Legislature. How much did ye git for scabbin' that time?"

There were enough of the stove-huggers to spring up and get between and drag them apart, but they could not stop the war of words.

"You're a liar!" panted John. "I made no promises!"

"You did! You told Bill Nevins that it was an outrage to make free men work in competition with criminals. If you hadn't made that promise, you'd never got the nomination this side o' hell. I want to know how much you got for sellin' us out!"

Teppenpaw shook himself free of the peacemakers and began to gather up his purchases.

"I don't have to answer any such question as that," he retorted. "Greene County knows me better."

"Does, hey? Well, you'll find out what Greene County knows, next time you want anything. That's all I've got to say."

But Teppenpaw found out earlier. The whisper began when he paid off his mortgage in June, and it became audible even to him when he bought a herd of Jerseys in July and paid cash down. It shook him a little. Distance and time are great clarifiers of the mental and moral atmosphere,

and the spell of the strenuous six weeks was no longer upon him. What if—?

He sat down that night and wrote a letter to Fanning. It was a bare question, but its answer would clear the air. When would he be expected to report for duty?

He got the answer one evening at the hands of Biggers, whose store was also the Trego post-office. It was a cold business letter, breathing finality in every line, and it was signed by the president of the Southern Implement Company in person. Owing to changes in the company's plans, there would be no "specials" sent out during the coming season. But since he—Teppenpaw—was in no wise to blame for this change, he was to consider the twelve hundred dollars advanced as forfeit-money and keep it. The agreement was canceled and the account was written off the books.

Teppenpaw's hands were trembling when he finished reading it, and the soul in him went sick. It was plain enough now—he had been bribed, and it had taken him six months to find it out. All the friendship, all the kindnesses, had had but one object—the hoodwinking of a man with a vote; no, the *buying* of the man. He crushed the letter in his hand, and the wild blood of his mountaineer forefathers spoke in the sobbing oath. It was well for the tempter that he was not within arm's-reach just then.

"What's the matter, John? Somebody dead?" said a voice at his elbow.

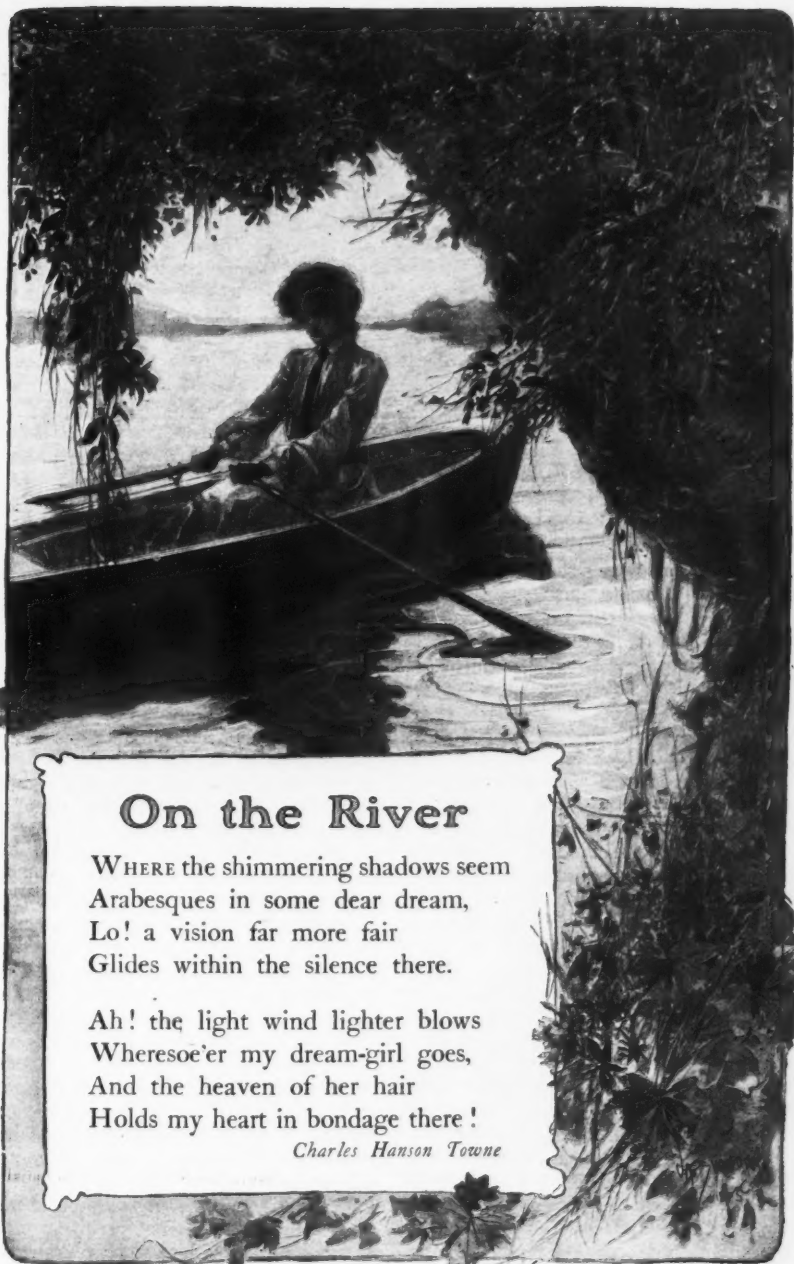
It was the young farmer who had once earned a rebuke for asserting that every man has his price. Teppenpaw remembered.

"No; there's nobody dead—not in the way you mean, Hank. But I allow to take back what I said to you over Tarkins' table that day last fall. I reckon every man has got his price, after all."

The young man laughed triumphantly. "What's your'n, John?—or haven't ye found out yet?"

"Yes, I've found out: and you can tell it wherever you go in Greene County, Hank. It's just twelve hundred dollars paid in advance." And he turned abruptly and went out into the night, with the letter still crushed in his hand.





On the River

WHERE the shimmering shadows seem
Arabesques in some dear dream,
Lo! a vision far more fair
Glides within the silence there.

Ah! the light wind lighter blows
Wheresoe'er my dream-girl goes,
And the heaven of her hair
Holds my heart in bondage there!

Charles Hanson Towne

Drawn by Vincent A. Svoboda



The Jury in Ancient America

An Historical Sketch Written in the Year of Grace 3687

TRANSLATED BY AMBROSE BIERCE

OF all the nations of antiquity the one that has been most studied in our day by those desiring to profit by the lessons of experience and avoid the errors of an imperfect civilization is the great American republic known as the Connected States. In the study of some others we are aided by a greater and more varied literature (for the ancient Americans were not, even according to the standards of the time, a literary people), but of none are the writings that have come down to us so rich in warning significance.

The ancient Americans were a composite people; their blood was a blend of all the strains known in their time. Their government, while they had one, being merely a loose and mutable expression of the desires and caprices of the majority—that is to say, of the ignorant, restless and reckless—gave the freest rein and play to all the primal instincts and elemental passions of the race. In so far and for so long as it had any restraining force, it was only the restraint of the present over the power of the past—that of a new habit over an old and insistent tendency ever seeking expression in large liberties and indulgences impatient of control. In the history of that unhappy people, therefore, we see unveiled

the workings of the human will in its most lawless state, without fear of authority or care of consequence. Nothing could be more instructive.

Of the American form of government, although itself the greatest of evils afflicting the victims of those that it entailed, but little needs to be said here; it has perished from the earth, a system discredited by an unbroken record of failure in all parts of the world, from the earliest historic times to its final extinction in its last stronghold, the Patagonian republic. Of living students of political history not one is known to have professed to see in it anything but a mischievous creation of theorists and visionaries—persons whom our gracious sovereign has deigned to brand for the world's contempt as “dupes of hope purveying to sons of greed.” The political philosopher of to-day is spared the trouble of pointing out the fallacies of republican government, as the mathematician is spared that of demonstrating the absurdity of the convergence of parallel lines; yet the ancient Americans not only clung to their error with a blind, unquestioning faith, even when groaning under its most insupportable burdens, but seem to have believed it of divine origin. It was thought by them to have been established by the god Woshington, whose worship, with that of such *dii minores* as Guffer-son, Iaxon and Lancon (identical with the

Hebru Abrem), runs like a shining thread through all the warp and woof of the stuff that garmented their moral nakedness. Some stones, very curiously inscribed in many tongues, of what is believed to have been a temple of this deity, were found by the explorer Droyhors in the wilderness bordering the river Bhitt (supposed by him to be the ancient Potumuc) as lately as the year 3157, as the Americans, for some reason not now known, reckoned time. If their tutelary deity really invented representative government, they were not the first by many to whom he imparted the malign secret of its inauguration and denied that of its maintenance.

One of the most "sacred" rights of the ancient American was the trial of an accused person by "a jury of his peers." This, in America, was a right secured to him by a written constitution. It was almost universally believed to have had its origin in Magna Carta, a famous document which certain rebellious English noblemen had compelled their sovereign to sign under a threat of death. That celebrated "bill of rights" has not come down to us, but researches of the learned have made it certain that it contained no mention of trial by jury, which, indeed, was unknown to its authors. The words *judicium parium* meant to them something entirely different—the judgment of the entire community of freemen. The words and the practice they represented antedated Magna Carta by many centuries and were common to the Franks and other Germanic nations, amongst whom a trial "jury" consisted of persons having a knowledge of the matter to be determined—persons who in later times were called "witnesses" and rigorously excluded from the seats of judgment.

It is difficult to conceive a more clumsy and ineffective machinery for ascertaining truth and doing justice than a jury of twelve men of the average intelligence, even among ourselves. What, then, must this device have been among the half-civilized tribes of the Connected States of America? Nay, the case is worse than that, for it was the practice to prevent men of even the average intelligence from serving as jurors. Jurors had to be residents of the locality of the crime charged, and every crime was made a matter of public notoriety by the "newspapers" long before the accused was brought to trial; yet, as a

rule, he who had read or talked about the trial was held disqualified to serve. This in a country where, when a man who could read was not reading about local crimes, he was talking about them, or if doing neither was doing something worse.

To the twelve men so chosen the opposing lawyers addressed their disingenuous pleas and for their consideration the witnesses presented their carefully rehearsed testimony, most of it false. So unintelligent were these juries that a great part of the time in every trial was consumed in keeping from them certain kinds of evidence with which they could not be trusted; yet the lawyers were permitted to submit to them any kind of misleading argument that they pleased and fortify it with innuendoes without relevancy and logic without sense. Appeals to their passions, their sympathies, their prejudices, were regarded as legitimate influences and tolerated by the judges on the theory that each side's offenses would about offset those of the other. In a criminal case it was expected that the prosecutor would declare repeatedly and in the most solemn manner his belief in the guilt of the person accused, and that the attorney for the defense would affirm with equal gravity his conviction of his client's innocence. How could they impress the jury with a belief which they did not themselves venture to affirm? It is not recorded that any lawyer ever rebelled against the iron authority of these conditions and stood for truth and conscience. They were, indeed, the conditions of his existence as a lawyer, a fact which they easily persuaded themselves mitigated the baseness of their obedience to them, or justified it altogether.

The judges, as a rule, were no better, for before they could become judges they must have been advocates. Most of them depended for their office upon the favor of the people, which was fatal to the independence, the dignity and the impartiality to which they laid so solemn claim. In their decisions they favored, so far as they dared to, every interest, class or person powerful enough to help or hurt them in an election. Holding their high office by so precarious a tenure, they were under strong temptation to enrich themselves from the serviceable purses of wealthy litigants, and in disregard of justice to cultivate the favor

of the attorneys practicing before them, and before whom they might soon be compelled themselves to practice.

In the higher courts of the land, where juries were unknown and appointed judges held their seats for life, these awful conditions did not obtain, and there Justice might have been content to dwell, and there she actually did sometimes set her foot. Unfortunately, the great judges had the consciences of their education. They had crept to place through the slime of the lower courts and their robes of office bore the damnatory evidence. Unfortunately, too, the attorneys, the jury habit strong upon them, brought into the superior tribunals the moral characteristics and professional methods acquired in the lower. Instead of assisting the judges to ascertain the truth and the law, they cheated in argument and took liberties with fact, deceiving the court whenever they deemed it to the interest of their cause to do so, and as willingly won by a technicality or a trick as by the justice of their contention and their ability in supporting it. Altogether, the entire judicial system of the Connected States of America was inefficient, disreputable, corrupt.

The result might easily have been foreseen and doubtless was predicted by patriots whose admonitions have not come down to us. Denied protection of the law, neither property nor life was safe. Greed filled his coffers from the meager hoards of Thrift, private vengeance took the place of legal redress, mad multitudes rioted and slew with virtual immunity from punishment or blame, and all the land was red with crime. In the early years of the twentieth century the annual number of unpunished homicides was estimated by reputable statisticians at no fewer than ten thousand, in a population of less, it is now believed, than two hundred millions! If the chief and highest duty of government is protection of the citizen, these appalling figures are conclusive as to the kind of government this savage and reckless people preferred to have and the kind of machinery to which they entrusted the execution of their laws.

A singular phenomenon of the time was the immunity of criminal women. Among the ancient Americans woman held a place unique in the history of nations. If not actually worshiped as a deity, as some

historians have affirmed, she was at least regarded with feelings of veneration which the modern mind has a difficulty in comprehending. Some degree of compassion for her mental inferiority, some degree of forbearance toward her infirmities of temper, some degree of immunity for the offenses which these peculiarities entail—these are common to all peoples above the grade of barbarians. In ancient America these chivalrous sentiments found open and lawful expression only in relieving woman of the burden of participation in political and military service; the laws gave her no express exemption from responsibility for crime. When she murdered, she was arrested; when arrested, brought to trial—though the origin and meaning of those observances are not now known. Gunkle, whose researches into the jurisprudence of antiquity enable him to speak with commanding authority of many things, gives us here nothing better than the conjecture that the trial of women for murder, in the nineteenth century and a part of the twentieth, was a survival of an earlier custom of actually convicting and punishing them, but it seems extremely improbable that a people that once put its female assassins to death would ever have relinquished the obvious advantages of the practice while retaining with purposeless tenacity some of its costly preliminary forms. Whatever may have been the reason, the custom was observed with all the gravity of a serious intention. Gunkle professes knowledge of one or two instances (he does not name his authorities) where matters went as far as conviction and sentence, and adds that the mischievous sentimentalists who had always lent themselves to the solemn jest by protestations of great *vraisemblance* against "the judicial killing of women," became really alarmed and filled the land with their lamentations. Among the phenomena of brazen effrontery he classes the fact that some of these loud protagonists of the right of women to assassinate unpunished were themselves women! Howbeit, the sentences, if ever pronounced, were never executed, and during the second quarter of the twentieth century the meaningless custom of bringing female assassins to trial was abandoned. What the effect was of their exemption from this considerable inconvenience we have not the data to conjecture, unless we understand

as an allusion to it some otherwise obscure words of the famous Edward Bok, the only writer of the period whose work has survived. In his monumental essay on barbarous penology, entitled "Slapping the Wrist," he couples "woman's emancipation from the trammels of law" and "man's better prospect of death" in a way that some have construed as meaning that he regarded them as cause and effect. It must be said, however, that this interpretation finds no support in the general character of his writing, which is exceedingly humane, refined and womanly.

It has been said that the writings of this great man are the only surviving work of his period, but of that we are not altogether sure. There exists a fragment of an anonymous essay on woman's legal responsibility which many Americologists think belongs to the beginning of the twentieth century. Certainly it could not have been written later than the middle of it, for at that time woman had been definitively released from responsibility to any law but that of her own will. The essay is an argument against even such imperfect exemption as she had in its author's time.

"It has been urged," he says, "that women, being less rational and more emotional than men, should not be held accountable in the same degree. To this it may be answered that punishment for crime is not intended to be retaliatory, but admonitory and deterrent. It is, therefore, peculiarly necessary to those not easily reached by other forms of warning and dissuasion. Control of the wayward is not to be sought in reduction of restraints, but in their multiplication. One who cannot be curbed by reason may be curbed by fear, a familiar truth which lies at the foundation of all penological systems. The argument for exemption of women is equally cogent for exemption of habitual criminals, for they too are abnormally inaccessible to reason, abnormally disposed to obedience to the suasion of their unregulated impulses and passions. To free them from the restraints of the fear of punishment would be a bold innovation which has as yet found no proponent outside their own class.

"Very recently this dangerous enlargement of the meaning of the phrase 'emancipation of woman' has been fortified with a strange advocacy by the female 'champions of their sex.' Their argument runs this

way: 'We are denied a voice in the making of the laws relating to infliction of the death penalty; it is unjust to hold us to an accountability to which we have not assented.' Of course this argument is as broad as the entire body of law; it amounts to nothing less than a demand for general immunity from all laws, for to none of them has woman's assent been asked or given. But let us consider this amazing claim with reference only to the proposal in the service and promotion of which it is now urged: exemption of women from the death penalty for murder. In the last analysis it is seen to be a simple demand for compensation. It says: 'You owe us a *solatium*. Since you deny us the right to vote, you should give us the right to assassinate. We do not appraise it at so high a valuation as the other franchise, but we do value it.'

"Apparently they do: without legal, but with virtual, immunity from punishment, the women of this country take an average of one thousand lives annually, nine in ten being the lives of men. Juries of men, incited and sustained by public opinion, have actually deprived every adult male American of the right to live. If the death of any man is desired by any woman for any reason, he is without protection. She has only to kill him and say that he wronged or insulted her. Certain almost incredible recent instances prove that no woman is too base to slay a man with impunity, no crime of that nature sufficiently rich in all the elements of depravity to compel a conviction of the assassin, or, if she is convicted and sentenced, her punishment by the public executioner."

In this interesting fragment, quoted by Bogul in his *History of an Extinct Civilization*, we learn something of the shame and peril of American citizenship under institutions which, not having run their fore-ordained course to the unhappy end, were still in some degree supportable. What these institutions became afterward is a familiar story. It is true that the law of trial by jury was repealed. It had broken down, but not until itself had broken down the whole nation's respect for all law, for all forms of authority, for order and private virtues. The people whose rude forefathers in another land it had served roughly to protect against their tyrants, it had lamentably failed to protect against

themselves, and when in madness they swept it away, it was not as one renouncing an error, but as one impatient of the truth which the error is still believed to contain. They flung it away, not as an ineffectual restraint, but as a restraint; not because it was no longer an instrument of justice for the determination of truth, but because they feared that it might again become such. In brief, trial by jury was abolished only when it had produced anarchy.

In concluding this brief and imperfect historical sketch I cannot forbear to relate, after the learned and ingenious Bunkux, the only known instance of a public irony expressing itself in the sculptor's noble art. In the ancient and famous city of Hohokus once stood a bronze statue of colossal size and impressive dignity. It was erected by public subscription to the memory of a man whose only distinction consisted in a single term of service as a juror in a famous murder trial, the details of which have not come down to us. It occupied the court and held public attention for many weeks, being most bitterly contested by both prosecution and defense. When at last it was given to the jury by the judge in the most celebrated charge that had ever been delivered from the bench, a ballot was taken at once. The jury stood eleven for ac-

quittal to one for conviction. And so it stood at every ballot of the more than fifty that were taken during the fortnight that the jury was locked up for deliberation. Moreover, the dissenting juror would not argue the matter; he would listen with patient attention while his eleven indignant opponents thundered their opinions into his ears, even when they supported them with threats of personal violence; but not a word would he say. At last a disagreement was formally entered, the jury discharged and the obstinate juror chased from the city by the maddened populace. Despairing of success in another trial and privately admitting his belief in the prisoner's innocence, the public prosecutor moved for his release, which the judge ordered with remarks plainly implying his own belief that the wrong man had been tried.

Years afterward the accused person died confessing his guilt, and a little later one of the jurors who had been sworn to try the case admitted that he had attended the trial on the first day only, having been personated during the rest of the proceedings by a twin brother, the obstinate member, who was a deaf-mute.

The statue of this eminent public servant was overthrown and destroyed by an earthquake in the year 2742.

Our Silent Battle-Fields

BY HELEN A. SAXON

UPON the deathless battle-field where all
 The pulses leap responsive to the beat
 Of martial music, and amidst the heat
 Of mortal strife is heard the call
 That ever lays heroic souls in thrall—
 The nation's need—to never know defeat
 But go with sound, unshrinking heart to meet
 The foe—it would not seem so hard to fall.

But on the fields at home, when hope is fled
 And only ghosts of former joys remain,
 God pity those unknown who daily tread
 The desolate, monotonous ways of pain,
 And nightly bivouac with their hosts of dead
 On silent battle-fields where hearts are slain.

The Resting Actor

BY ALAN DALE

WHEN a jubilant and saltatory thermometer literally takes the bread from the poor actor's mouth by dispersing his audiences in the direction of sea and mountains and sylvan glade, the poor actor, with three months on his hands, promptly announces that he is "resting." I feel quite sure that he is, too. He never tells you that he is recreating, or taking a vacation, or bracing up, or indulging in the relaxative hobbies of the vulgar many. He is merely "resting."

He poses as a brain-weary person, literally exhausted by the intensity of his mental activity. He likes you to think that his nerves are atrociously on edge, that his system is "run down," like grandfather's clock, and that his artistic fiber is completely unstrung. Lawyers who work fifty times as hard; physicians whose labors are infinitely more unflagging; journalists whose hats get crushed in the horrifying spiral age that goes perpetually "round and round," like an emblem of

eternity—all these humble workers suffer less than the actor. At least they seem to do so. They do not tell the world that they are "resting."

The "resting" actor has, to me, always seemed extremely humorous. If he has been a lucky actor—as luck is judged in that profession—he has played the leading rôle in a piece that, perhaps, has run for

two hundred nights. That is to say, he has been asked to pretend two hundred times—not reckoning his Saturday matinée efforts—that he was somebody else. He has been asked to say "flip" things, make picturesque love and to indulge in effective poses of injured innocence and other vanities every night for two hundred nights.

At the end of that time he finds himself confronted with the long season, with theatrical resorts, and—and he "rests." He sends out cunning little paragraphs, through his "press-agent," to the effect that he has retired to his beautiful summer cottage at Hunter's Point, where he fishes, and bathes, and endeavors to repair the mental health that his



DOROTHY TENNANT



BEATRICE BRONTË

herculean efforts in the dramatic line so seriously have impaired.

At first glance this seems idyllic. It is quite lovely. Who could wish for a more joyous prospect than that of pleasant dalliance with the arts for nine months of the year to be followed for three months by an

exquisite, unthinking *dolce far niente* that nothing — nothing — need interrupt? It turns one green with envy. The relentless hard worker, who toils for fifty weeks, and then rushes away for a meager two, to some nauseating boarding-house-on-the-sea, where the butter is rank and the

associations ranker, might be pardoned for coveting the life of the apparently luxurious actor.

ing multitudes, as, with his perfect form stretched out in some attractive cushiony hammock, he inhales the sweet and balmy



DOROTHY RUSSELL

He is resting. Do not disturb him. Let him dream of conquests, and of sway-

air, and draws in long draughts of glowing health.



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ELSIE FERGUSON

Dost like the picture, Pauline?

Unfortunately, however, there is always, in this terribly prosaic age, an awe-inspiring array of interrogation points which arise and do a veritable series-dance before your eyes. There is a "Why?" and there is a "Wherefore?" There is also a "How?" You would like the poor actor to rest on his laurels, or on the place where his laurels ought to be—you can't rest, yourself, but

that is no reason why others shouldn't—but you wonder "why" he should do so, "wherefore" it should be so easy, "how" it can possibly be accomplished.

During no season in the stage's history, so far as I know, has the actor's art been so hopelessly befogged by an atrocious elocution as during that which has just gone by. It has been the one thing that has impressed the habitual theater-goer. The old



Copyright, 1902, by Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.

ANN ARCHER

clearness of diction, the lucidity of enunciation, that used to be compulsory, have vanished. Actors and actresses mumble and mumble; they eat their lines; they lunch on playwrights' epigrams; they attack the

helpless English language with a thug-like ferocity; when they are asked to do honor to some other language—notably French—they assault it with a battering-ram of ugly misrepresentation.



Photograph by Burr McIntosh

MAXINE ELLIOTT

I have listened to notable stars this season who were at times utterly unintelligible, the benefit to the stage would be simply incalculable.

and whose English never got over the footlights. Their lips moved, and sounds as well as noises were emitted, but nothing they said reached the understanding of the audience. It was a case of imagining what they might or should have said, instead of reveling in the immediate knowledge of what they did say. Several plays have been hard to follow because the elocution of the actors rendered their meaning obscure.

Some stars, when confronted with this, scarcely deny it. They lay the cloak of mannerism over this iniquity. A mannerism is supposed to be very valuable as an expression of individuality, but personally I should prefer to see a star stand on his head or mouch around the stage on all fours as a mannerism, rather than indulge in a desecration of the natural language and label it in that way.

Nothing but uninterrupted hard work and merciless and diligent application can rectify those elocutionary crimes. A faulty diction is the hardest thing on earth to overcome, but it can be overcome. It cannot be overcome by "resting" for three months in the year. The picture I have drawn of the Ouidesque hero, dreaming of conquests and of swaying multitudes, as he inhales the sweet and balmy air and draws in long draughts of glowing health, is a very pretty picture. But if he would put in those three months of apparently enforced inertia in hard work, the stage would be simply



VIEW OF THE OBSERVATORY TAKEN FROM THE TOP OF A TALL PINE-TREE

Solving the Mystery of the Stars

Work of the Carnegie Institution's New Solar Observatory on
Mount Wilson, California

BY GARRETT P. SERVISS



HIGH on a peak of the San Gabriel range of the Sierra Madre, away up in the blue, above the orange-groves and palms of Pasadena, there gleams under the Californian sun a white speck which even incurious people crane their necks to look at when they are told what it is.

That speck on the top of Mount Wilson represents the most recent, the most concentrated and probably the most powerful attack that has yet been organized upon the great problem of stellar evolution—the mystery of the life and death of suns.

It is the new Solar Observatory of the Carnegie Institution. Unique in many of the details of its construction and equipment, in the singleness of purpose for which it stands, and in the advantages of its situation, and controlled by some of the brightest minds now engaged in astronomical research, it may fairly be ex-

pected to bring about enormous advances in the special line of investigation that has been marked out for it. This means, as far as such a result is at present attainable, an answer to the question of the origin, nature, development, history and destiny, not only of our particular sun, but of the other suns, younger and older, greater and smaller, which glitter by millions in the depths of space. In truth, it is the fundamental problem of the universe that is here confronted, for in the life of a sun are summed up the vital forces of all its planets.

This novel observatory is the culminating result of some fifteen years of effort centered by its director, Prof. George E. Hale, lately the director of the Yerkes Observatory, upon one definite object—namely, the study of the sun. Never before has there been organized a solar observatory conceived on so large a scale, with so complete and powerful a battery of instruments, and placed in a location so favorable to the work.



PROFESSOR BARNARD'S OBSERVATORY, CONTAINING THE
BRUCE PHOTOGRAPHING TELESCOPE

The establishment on Mount Wilson may indeed be called a solar laboratory, rather than a simple observatory. It represents an attempt to investigate the problems of solar evolution with some of the advantages which the physicist or the chemist possesses in handling and analyzing the materials contained in his workshop or in his crucibles. Mere telescopic views of the sun cannot tell us much more than we already know. It is to the spectroscope, the spectrograph and the spectroheliograph that we must turn for further advance. These are the instruments with which the astronomer not only detects the nature of the substances contained in the sun and the stars, but ascertains the character of the changes going on in these bodies. It is the greatest marvel of modern astronomy that a glass prism, or a battery of such prisms, by separating the elements of a ray of compound light coming from any source, and from any distance in celestial space, reveals the chemical constitution of the body from which the light arises, and also furnishes a means of measuring the motions of the body which cannot be detected in any other way, and not only that, but a means of tracing the history of the body and determining the stage of evolution that it has attained. Such an instrument is the spectroscope. For some observations a ruled grating is employed instead of prisms. When supplied with apparatus for photographing the dissected light-ray, the spectroscope becomes a spectrograph. In a yet more complicated and ingenious form, with added powers to be briefly described in a moment, the instrument is called a spectroheliograph. To bring into play more effectively than has hitherto been done the

powers of these wonderful instruments is the great object of the new observatory.

It would carry us too far into technicalities to describe the manner of operation of the instruments just mentioned, but a few words should be said about the peculiar achievements of the spectroheliograph, an apparatus first designed by Professor Hale in 1889, and since then greatly improved. The spectroheliograph is able, automatically, to select a particular part of the light coming from the sun, while shutting out all the other light, and thus to show, or to photograph, the sun as it would appear to our eyes if it shone only with the special kind of light picked out by the instrument. For instance, the spectroheliograph may photograph the sun only in the light given forth by the glowing calcium vapor that it contains, or only in the light of hydrogen, or of iron vapor—for the sun is an immense ball containing all the elements of which the earth is composed (and more, too), not in the form of solids but of incandescent gases and vapors. The appearance presented by the sun in one kind of light differs from that which it shows in another kind, and the analytical study of these various monochromatic images of the solar orb proves to be a key to unlock some of its deepest mysteries. Even the different levels at which the same kind of gas lies are discriminated by the spectroheliograph through the effects of the varying degrees of pressure produced by the solar gravitation, and of the varying temperature at different heights.

The principal thing needed in order to apply in the most effective manner the powers of these light-analyzing instruments is a very large and very steady image of the sun, not formed at the eye-end of an ordinary telescope, where heavy spectroscopic apparatus cannot be used, but thrown directly into a laboratory, where it may be dealt with almost as if it were a material object, and where the most powerful spectrographs and spectroheliographs may analyze and photograph, without disturbance, every detail of its surface, and every peculiarity of its radiation. For this purpose a new kind of telescope and a new form of astronomical observatory had to be devised, and these conditions have been realized on Mount Wilson more completely and on a larger scale than anywhere else. The new kind of telescope—a telescope lying horizontally instead of swinging on a pivot

and pointing skyward—has been set up (although another and even more powerful instrument, of yet a different type, will ultimately be employed) and the new form of observatory has been constructed.

The reader may, perhaps, be aided in forming a mental picture of how the astronomers are at work on this Californian peak by a brief description of what he would see if, after climbing the mountain, he should be admitted into the long canvas-covered structure. This whole curious building, some two hundred feet long, is in a sense a gigantic telescope, for its walls practically take the place of the tube in which the lenses and mirrors of ordinary telescopes are enclosed.

Entering by a side door, the visitor finds himself in a long room filled with subdued daylight transmitted through the canvas walls. If he steps incautiously forward, he may encounter in mid-air a sudden gush of heat, and be momentarily blinded by a broad beam of light which streams into the elongated chamber from a large circular mirror, mounted on a heavy stone pier on the top of the pagoda-



PAGODA END OF THE SOLAR OBSERVATORY



GREAT STAR-CLOUD IN SAGITTARIUS

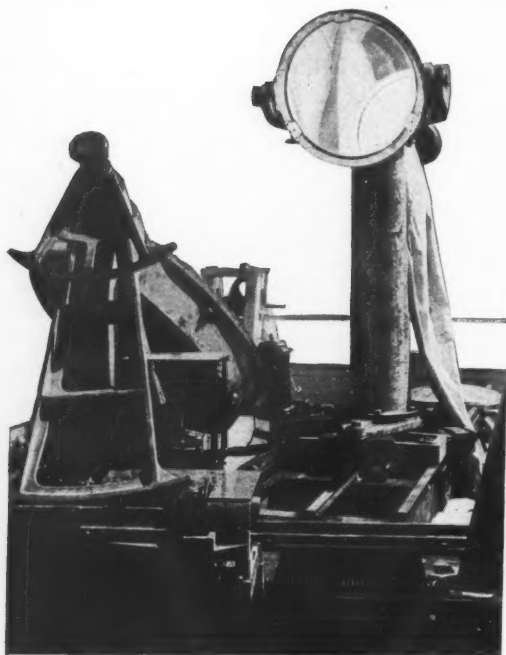
like southern end of the structure, where it projects over the edge of the mountain. On the platform, a little below this mirror, and with its back to the opening into the building, is mounted another huge mirror, thirty inches in diameter, called the *cælostæt*. The *cælostæt* is driven by clock-work in such a manner that it steadily faces the

sun and throws the light of the latter into the other mirror above it, while this second mirror, in turn, sends it, in the shape of the long beam already described, into the telescope-house. The two mirrors move in automatic adjustment to each other, and the solar beam can be shot straight into the building, no matter where the sun may be situated in the sky. The arrangement of these mirrors is clearly seen in one of the photographs herewith reproduced, which was taken from a point just inside the opening in the southern end of the building.

If, now, the visitor follows the course of the solar beam through the building, he will find that upon reaching the farther end



BARNARD'S "BUTTERFLY" NEBULA, AROUND ν SCORPI



CELOSTAT AND SECOND MIRROR OF SNOW TELESCOPE. THE CELOSTAT RECEIVES THE BEAM FROM STAR OR SUN AND TRANSMITS IT TO SECOND MIRROR

it encounters a third mirror, which has a concave surface, and which, catching the light, and sending it back again sixty feet toward the opening where it first entered, concentrates it there into a large and beautiful image of the sun, six and seven-tenths inches in diameter. This image, latent in the air, becomes visible if a paper or other flat white surface is held in the focus of the beam. When thus revealed it resembles a telescopic view of the solar orb, as sharp as an engraving and showing, with beautiful clearness and precision, the peculiar granulation of the sun's surface, the glowing white masses of faculae, and any sun-spot groups that may happen to be present. With a magnifying-glass it may be studied as if under a microscope.

But, instead of catching the image on paper for visual inspection, it is ordinarily allowed to fall across the slit of a spectrograph, or a spectroheliograph. By slightly moving the concave mirror, which is easily effected by mechanical means, the solar image can be thrown to the right or left, or up or down, thus reaching one instrument

or another, according to the nature of the investigation to which it is to be subjected. It is almost as completely under the astronomer's control as if it were a solid tangible disk. If it is desired to make a photograph of the entire surface of the sun, in any selected kind of light, the image is caused to move, with regulated speed, across the slit of the spectroheliograph until every part of it has been successively exposed. On the other hand, any specially interesting locality on the sun can be studied alone, to the exclusion of other parts, and with the kind of light desired. In like manner the spectrographs and spectroscopes may be employed to picture, or to scrutinize, either the whole image, or chosen parts of it.

The length of the projected solar beam, and the size of the image formed, are those which the writer found during a visit to Mount Wilson in May of this year. But it is the intention of Professor Hale to erect, as soon as possible, in addition to the concave mirror of sixty feet focus, another having a focal length of one hundred and forty-five feet, so that the path of the light, when this longer-focus mirror is in use, will be something over two hundred feet from the celostat to the concave mirror, and one hundred and forty-five feet back again from the concave mirror to the place where the image is formed. The latter will then be no less than sixteen inches in diameter. Indeed, the object of using a longer-focus mirror is to obtain a larger image, on which the details of the solar surface can be better studied. With this larger image a really gigantic spectroheliograph, thirty feet in length, will be employed, and with this it is believed that the sun can be photographed in the light of its clouds of vaporized iron, and other elements whose spectroscopic lines are too narrow to be thus dealt with by smaller instruments.

Now, upon the steadiness of the beam of light that we have been describing depends the success of the observations on Mount Wilson. If that beam fluctuates and

flickers it will tell no secrets of the sun. Not only must the mirrors that reflect and project the light be perfect in their optical qualities, but both they and the metal mountings and stone piers that bear them must be protected from the slightest changes of temperature, which would cause tiltings and distortions. For this reason the lofty pier—as solid in construction as the abutment of a railroad bridge—which carries the *cœlost*at and its companion mirror, is surrounded with walls of canvas, the outer part of which takes the shape of great *louvres*, which control the air-currents and shield off the heat by day and the cold by night, thus keeping the pier and the instruments upon it at a constant temperature.

But even this, so delicate are the results sought, is not precaution enough. The beam of light itself, after it enters the long building, must be carefully protected from air-currents, and from undulations produced by waves of heat in the atmosphere through which it passes. Accordingly, the whole building is enveloped in a double wall of canvas, the outer part consisting of overlapping *louvres* which admit equalizing currents into the open space between the walls and so prevent the heat of the sun from affecting the atmosphere within. Even the floor of that part of the long chamber which does not rest upon stone foundations consists of a sheet of canvas stretched a short distance above the ground, to prevent the radiation of the soil from entering and disturbing the balance of the precious light-beam.

The singular manner in which the pagoda-shaped end of the building containing the *cœlost*at has been thrust out over the brow of the mountain was also dictated by the necessity of avoiding troublesome air-currents that creep over the surface of the ground.

It is not yet known where the limit of the revealing power of the spectroheliograph will be found. It displays new possibilities of discovery the more it is used and developed. The accompanying pair of photographs, reproduced from originals by Pro-

fessor Hale, represent a recent great sun-spot as shown by the spectroheliograph at two different levels, probably separated from one another by a vertical distance of thousands of miles. To simple telescopic vision the appearance of this vast disturbed region on the sun was not like that shown in either of these views, because most of the phenomena evident to ordinary vision lay at a still different elevation. The left-hand picture shows the region as photographed at a certain level where what Professor Hale calls "*calcium flocculi*" (clouds of hot calcium vapor) begin to make



THIRD OR CONCAVE MIRROR OF SNOW TELESCOPE. IT RECEIVES BEAM FROM SECOND MIRROR AND BRINGS IT TO A FOCUS SIXTY FEET AWAY, WHERE THE ANALYZING INSTRUMENTS ARE PLACED

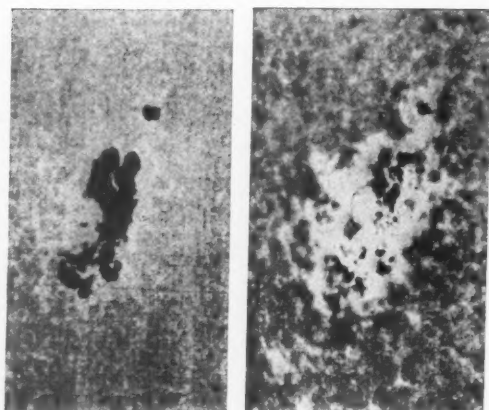
their appearance. Remembering that on the earth calcium furnishes the substance of vast chains of hills and mountains, the imagination becomes impressed with the stupendous significance of this spectacle of calcium in the form of blazing clouds, more voluminous than hundreds of earths, floating above a sun-spot! The right-hand picture is a photograph of precisely the same region made at a higher level, where the calcium vapor is not so dense, or so hot, but more expanded, so that it obscures the greater part of the dark umbra of the sun-spot beneath. It is the strange gift of the

spectroheliograph to be able to discern these varying forms of incandescent clouds at their respective levels, each independent of the other, as if that other had no existence. For instance, when it made the left-hand photograph, the spectroheliograph looked, so to speak, straight through the upper

wide-spreading mass without seeing it at all; but when its vision was fixed for the higher level, to receive the light given forth from the upper clouds, then the latter sprang into spectroscopic and photographic visibility. The interpretation of these most extraordinary appearances is that the calcium vapor arose in vast columns, appearing sectionally as condensed white patches in the left-hand picture, while at a greater elevation it expanded on all sides, jutting over the sun-spot in the right-hand picture, somewhat as a volcano cloud would appear, seen from above, hiding the mountain beneath it. A photograph of this same region showing only the hydrogen or the iron clouds hanging over it would present still a different appearance.

An indication of the way in which such studies as these are beginning to disclose the secret of the sun's constitution, and to give a clue to the causes that will eventually put an end to its career as a giver of light and heat, may be found in the fact that a resemblance has been detected between some of the spectroscopic phenomena observed in sun-spots and those which are characteristic of stars known to be in almost the last stages of solar decay. So the astronomer may study these significant things on the sun somewhat as the physician studies the first marks of an incurable disease in a patient's system.

But the study of the sun itself does not by any means constitute the entire work of this remarkable observatory. That study alone would not suffice to solve the problem



PHOTOGRAPH BY SPECTROHELIOGRAPH OF A GREAT SUN-SPOT, SHOWING CLOUDS OF GLOWING CALCIUM AT TWO DIFFERENT LEVELS

of solar evolution. Other suns must also be studied. The comparative method is as valid in astronomy as in anatomy. In consequence of this broad program of investigation, covering the whole field of solar and stellar life, the visitor to the new Solar Observatory finds that the labors

of the astronomers there do not cease with the going down of the sun. At night he may see the great beam of sunlight replaced by a long ray from a star—from Sirius, the stellar god of ancient Egypt, or from Arcturus, whose splendor glows in the Book of Job. This, too, is caught by the *cœlost*at, reflected into the second mirror, thence transmitted into the now dark interior of the building, sent back from the farther end by the concave third mirror, and finally brought to a focus on the slit of a spectrograph, which is enclosed in a large constant-temperature chamber at one side of the building.

But the study of a star, after all, differs in some respects very widely from that of the sun. Instead of the broad disk which the latter presents, the brightest star shows only as a brilliant point of light. By no means, at present devised, can that point be magnified into a measurable image. The consequence is that the ray of starlight transmitted from the mirrors to the spectrograph represents the radiation from the entire surface of the star, and not from any particular portion of that surface. The information that it gives relates to the condition of the star as a whole. But even this generalized information is of the highest value for comparison with that derived from the more detailed study of the sun.

It was remarked above that a still more powerful telescope, of a different type, is ultimately to be used on Mount Wilson. The arrangement of mirrors that has been described constitutes what is known as the

Snow telescope, named for Miss Snow, of Chicago, who furnished the money for its construction. It belongs to the Yerkes Observatory, and will eventually be sent back there, being replaced by an instrument of similar construction, to be made in the shops of the Carnegie Solar Observatory at Pasadena. But a far greater work of construction is now proceeding in those shops. This is the making of a great five-foot reflecting telescope upon the plans

tronomical work on Mount Wilson which appeals with special force to the imagination, and that is the photographing of the great star-clouds and nebulosities of the Milky Way by Prof. E. E. Barnard, of the Yerkes Observatory. This is not a part of the regular work of the Carnegie Institution's observatory. The latter is concerned only with the problem of solar and stellar evolution, and does not extend to what may be called the architecture of

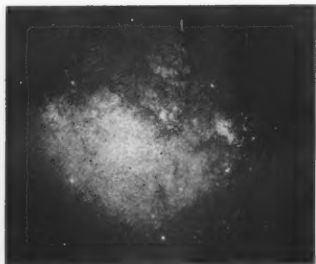


BURROS CARRYING ASTRONOMICAL INSTRUMENTS UP THE MOUNTAIN

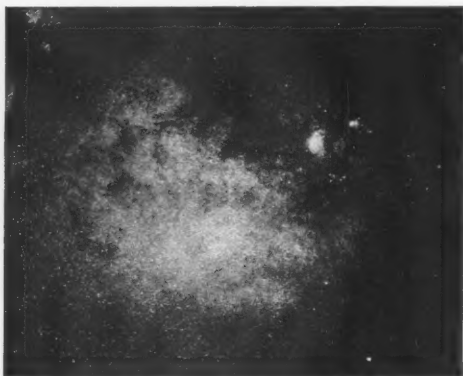
and under the superintendence of Prof. G. W. Ritchey. When this instrument is finished and erected upon Mount Wilson, as it will be in less than three years, there is reason to believe that it will exceed in power any other telescope in existence. The great mirror is now in the shops at Pasadena, but not yet completed. When in use it will, for many purposes, take the place of the celostat telescope above described.

There is another phase of the as-

the universe. One deals with the biology of the stars; the other with the geography of the heavens. Professor Barnard has long been engaged in photographing the Milky Way, and he was induced to transfer his scene of operations, temporarily, to Mount Wilson, on account of the extraordinary excellence of the atmospheric conditions prevailing there, and because from the latitude of southern California he could reach, for photographic purposes, a point in



With the one-and-three-tenths-inch lens



With the three-and-one-half-inch lens



With the six-and-one-quarter-inch lens

PHOTOGRAPH OF A BRILLIANT REGION IN THE MILKY WAY IN SAGITTARIUS WITH THE BRUCE TELESCOPE

the Milky Way several degrees farther south than can be reached at the Yerkes Observatory. Professor Barnard had the Bruce photographic telescope transported to Mount Wilson and mounted in a temporary observatory, the expenses being provided for by a citizen of Los Angeles. He will remain, probably, until October, and then return, with the instrument, to the Yerkes Observatory, near Chicago.

The little house in which the Bruce telescope is mounted, and where the wonderful photographs of distant regions of the universe are made, is extremely plain and simple. By day the telescope is hidden under roof, but at night the roof is drawn off upon guiding bars, leaving the instrument exposed to the sky. A little extension at the back contains the photographic dark-room in which Professor Barnard develops the plates as he takes them from the telescope after exposure, and there, in the dim light of a red lamp, the strange shapes of vast nebulosities and the complicated groupings of distant suns in clusters, in long rows, and in wonderful curving lines and loops—things which, in many cases, have never before betrayed their existence to human vision—slowly reveal themselves to this lonely astronomer, as the chemicals bring forth the images.

The Bruce photographic telescope, as used on Mount Wilson, possesses five object-lenses, whose optical axes are placed parallel to one another, and all are carried by a single mounting, so that they move together, driven by the same clockwork. Four of them are for photographic purposes, and one belongs to the guiding telescope, the purpose of which is to enable the astronomer to detect, and correct by the turning of a handle, any irregu-



Photograph by Arthur Holliday

HOW PROFESSOR BARNARD KEEPS THE BRUCE TELESCOPE TRUE TO ITS MARK IN THE SKY

larity in the motion of the instrument. This is essential, because the plates must be exposed to the faint stars and the nebulosities (which are invisible to the eye) for several hours continuously, and during all that interval of time the instrument must move in exact step with the rotation of the earth, for otherwise the images would be blurred. The astronomer thus becomes a sentinel whose night-watch must be more unrelenting than any that guarded the camp-fires of Napoleon. As Professor Barnard sits by the instrument, grasping the handle, with one eye intently watching the guiding star to see that it keeps exactly on the crossing of the spider's-webs in the center of the telescopic field, he humorously remarks that he sometimes uses the other eye to guide him in eating his lunch. When the object to be photographed is at a high elevation in the heavens, so that the eye-end of the guiding telescope is brought near the floor, he lifts a square section of the latter, which has been sawed out for the purpose, and sits on the edge of the opening, with his feet,

so to speak, in the cellar. So plain and unpretentious are the surroundings and accessories amid which these marvelous celestial photographs are made!

As already remarked, the Bruce telescope possesses four photographic lenses. The largest of these is ten inches in diameter; the next is six and a quarter inches; the third is three and a half inches, and the last is simply a magic-lantern lens, which Professor Barnard has attached to the instrument, and the diameter of which, as used, is one inch and three-tenths. All of these are used with commercial photographic plates. The smallest lens takes a four-by-five-inch plate and covers a wide region of sky, about thirty degrees across. The next larger takes a six-and-a-half-by-eight-and-a-half-inch plate, and covers a field about twenty degrees long. The six-and-a-quarter-inch lens takes an eight-by-ten-inch plate, and its field is about fourteen degrees across. The ten-inch takes a twelve-by-twelve-inch plate, covering a field seven or eight degrees wide.

All of these lenses, being pointed toward

the same spot in the sky, make their pictures simultaneously, and with the same length of exposure. Thus Professor Barnard obtains, at one time, four photographs of one and the same region in the Milky Way, each photograph being on a different scale. The smallest in size covers the widest field, and as the magnitude increases the angular diameter of the field decreases. The picture made by the smallest lens is very much like a naked-eye view, although it shows more detail than the eye can detect, and this forms a sort of exploratory sketch of the region of sky under examination. With each increase in size of lens the magnification of the objects is greater and the breadth of field is less.

The views in the constellation Sagittarius, herewith reproduced from negatives made simultaneously by three of the four lenses, show, at a glance, the relative proportions of the pictures and the amount of detail which each exhibits. Objects that are mere specks in the smallest picture are magnified in the largest one to such a degree that many of their details are clearly revealed. This is notable in the case of the condensed star-cloud in the upper part of the field. In the largest photograph here shown, the richness and complexity of the background, or bedwork, of the Milky Way is really marvelous. Dark gaps and lanes appear interspersed among the thickly crowded assemblages of stars, and the striking applicability of the term "star-clouds" to many parts of the field is evident at a glance. What the meaning of the complicated array may be, what laws underlie this sprinkling of suns upon the background of the universe as if they were golden sands strewn from an Almighty hand—are questions not yet to be answered.

Professor Barnard, himself, prefers not to speculate upon the subject—at least, not for publication. One thing he will say, however, and that is that he has found no appearances indicating the existence of other starry universes beyond this one.

In Professor Barnard's opinion, also, the countless millions of small stars constituting the clouds of the Milky Way are actually smaller than the relatively few bright stars scattered among them, and do not simply look smaller on account of excessive distance. Yet their actual distance is, of course, enormous.

No less mysterious than the "star-clouds" are the vast nebulosities spread over large areas in the Milky Way and its neighborhood. These faintly glowing and apparently gaseous masses, with their suggestive, tentacle-like extensions, flung out for billions of miles on all sides, as if they were feeling for stars, are found enveloping not only single stars, but also star-groups. In some cases they cover areas of incredible extent.

One of Professor Barnard's finest photographs, made, however, before he went to Mount Wilson, shows a great cloud of stars in the constellation Sagittarius (which seems to be the very Golconda of the heavens), and in it appear two dark holes, in one of which shines a lone star. The dark lanes crossing this starry cloud, and the remarkable rows of small stars that seem to form extensions of these lanes beyond the border of the cloud, amaze the mind of the thoughtful beholder.

Why should suns fall into rank in such a manner?

These stars are really sundered from one another by immense distances. Yet they clearly form a connected system, their rays are brilliantly intermingled, and the imagination commits no offense against essential truth in picturing their rows and circling ranks as streets of living light.

The final result of Professor Barnard's work on the Milky Way will be to produce a photographic chart of all that portion of it visible from our latitudes, and the study of such a chart may furnish the key that astronomers have sought for centuries to the organic structure of the universe.

At the time of my visit, Mr. C. G. Abbot, Professor Langley's associate in solar research at Washington, arrived on the mountain to conduct there during the summer an investigation of the suspected changes in the radiation of the sun to which the extraordinary cold summer of two years ago, and other recent climatic eccentricities, are supposed to have been due. The peculiar advantages of the locality are likely to aid greatly this important inquiry, which, in its nature, is of vital interest to the whole world, for nothing strikes home like inconstancy, whether in the moods of a human being or of a sun.



BY ADA PATTERSON



SMALL woman, with thin, eager face and haunting eyes, leased an expensive suite in one of the fashionable new apartment-hotels on upper Broadway, New York. She insisted that the suite be one facing the south.

"For a southern exposure will give them more sun during the day," she said.

When the lease had been signed, she drove hurriedly away. The same day a vanload of furniture arrived. The small woman followed it and supervised its bestowing. Going out again, she said to the uniformed majestic presence at the door:

"I will be out for an hour. When I come back I will bring them with me."

In the early dusk she returned. A capped and aproned nurse stepped from the carriage first. In her arms was a long soft bundle, from which laces sheer as cobwebs hung. In the mistress' arms was a similar burden.

"Twins," whispered the bell-boy to the elevator-man. "The bachelor next door will be moving out when his month's up."

But the bachelor did not move. He lived on and on in the next suite, undisturbed by slightest sound from the twins.

In none of the handsome suites, presided over by dogs and their subject mistresses, was there a protest against the small neighbors in the long white dresses trimmed with lace like cobwebs.

"Small reason they would have," said the elevator-man to the bell-boy, "for no one ever sees them nor hears them. It do be strange, though, don't ye think, that they never takes them kids out airin'. Queer folks them."

"They're rich," returned the bell-boy, an answer which effectually silenced most questions in New York.

The small woman had few visitors. She always went out alone. Once, when she had been living in the apartment for six months, the maid went with her to the elevator.

"Please let me go with you, madame," she pleaded. "You are not well enough to drive alone to-day."

The small woman looked at the servant amazed for an instant. She laughed. "How absurd, Mary. You know that I would not leave them alone."

The lease of the sunny apartment had been renewed for the second year when, one morning, the bell from the quiet rooms rang violently. The maid met the boy at the door.

"Let some one from the house go for a

doctor," she said. "Don't wait to call a messenger. My mistress is very ill."

It was the physician who explained to the proprietor the mystery of the silent rooms.

"It is a remarkable case, absolutely unique," he said. "The woman was dying when I arrived. She lay at the edge of the bed, her thin hand on the crib, her lips muttering words we could not hear, but that they were addressed to the two little figures in the crib we knew, for her dimming eyes were fastened upon them. In that posture she died."

"And what, sir, do you think were in the crib? Two beautiful wax dolls, one a blue-eyed doll with flaxen hair, the other with dark eyes and black hair. The maid said that her mistress was a widow, whose babe of six months and little daughter, aged two years, had died in a night, of diphtheria. The mother grieved for the little ones, until one day she went to a doll-house and ordered two dolls of the same size and type as the children who had died. The maid said that from the time the dolls were sent home the woman ceased grieving for the dead children. They were strangely like, an almost exact reproduction of the children who had died. She ordered a costly wardrobe for the dolls and dressed and undressed them several times a day, with the same care as though they had been children. She kept up the strange pretense for three years. And, considering that the dolls were her comforting companions in life, I would suggest that they go with her to the grave."

A sturdy, round-faced philosopher of seven years might have led the lonely mother along a wholesomer path. The philosopher in short socks and knickerbockers was an optimist and practical. He rose on his tip-toes, and pulled the bell of a house on East Seventy-sixth Street one morning with a chubby and determined hand.

"I would like to see Miss McGinness," he said gravely. The maid ushered the wee solemn visitor into the breakfast-room.

A motherly woman at the head of the table looked in surprise at the serious young visitor.

"Come here, little man," she said. "Do you want to see me?"

"If you're Miss McGinness, I do."

"I am Mrs. McGinness. What do you want, dear?"

He made his way to her side and held up a tobacco-pouch bulging with its contents.

"I will give you this for a baby," he said. "Papa told me if I wanted a baby in our house I had to pray for it, but I got tired praying. A baby came to the house next to ours last summer, and I asked the baby's

brother how much it cost. He says, 'Oh, ten cents, I guess,' and I saved all the pennies anyone gave me, and they're all here. My nurse says it's a lot more than ten cents. I told papa and he said, 'Keep on asking God, son,' but I said, 'God hasn't anything to do with it. It's Mrs. McGinness brings the babies.'"

A TEA-PARTY UNDER SHELTERING ARMS



A HAPPILY FOSTERED GIRL



"WE'RE TWINS AND WE WANT A MAMMA"

Mrs. Robert McGinness, a charitable woman of wealth and social position, visiting the institutions of New York, asked, "What becomes of the babies who are found in the streets?"

"They are taken to Bellevue," was the answer. Bellevue, the great clearing-house of crime and misfortune! Bellevue, the shore on which is washed up the débris of the wrecked lives!

"And then?"

"If no one comes to Bellevue to claim them, they are taken to Randall's Island, and grow up as the city's charges, unless some one adopts them from there."

"And few ever do?"

"Very few, except—there's the governor of a Northwestern State. He was a Randall's Island baby."

"But they go out into life with the brand

and disfavor of an institution upon them."

"Yes, and that hampers a young man or woman setting out on the long march," admitted a commissioner of charities.

What could be done for the birth-shadowed little waifs? The question pursued Mrs. McGinness on her shopping tours and dogged her in her round of calls. It whispered insistently at dinners and mingled discordantly with the prima donna's notes at the opera. She could not forget the question. It would not be lived down. What breakwater might be built between Bellevue on the one hand and grim Randall's Island on the other? How might a child, abandoned by its parents, left alone to die on the elevated railroad stations, in the sewers, on doorsteps on bitter winter nights, and carried by a policeman or some passer-by to the human wreck-heap at

Bellevue, have a second birth under other circumstances to a kindlier fate? While the questions grew to louder and louder whispers, the whisper-haunted woman went to Bellevue to see the city's outcast mites awaiting their transportation to Randall's Island. They lay on wee cots on a sunny porch, the sunlight playing strange pranks with their pale little faces and sad eyes, with the baby hands and tiny wrists on which were bandages, the handcuffs of fate, narrow strips of white cloth on which had been hastily daubed in indelible ink "Foundling, Unknown."

The wretched little legend was missing from the wrist of a wan baby in the corner. He lay a piteous little figure, in his blue holland slip that is the uniform of Bellevue. His big brown eyes were sorrowful, as though they had grown old looking upon the sorrowful sights of earth. Spasms of pain crossed the pinched little face and he moaned under his breath as though afraid his pitiful plaint might be heard.

"This is a half-orphan," the nurse said pityingly. "His father killed his mother in a drunken frenzy, and he would have killed the child, but the mother saved it by throwing her arm across the little one's throat. The father is serving a long term on Blackwell's Island. When the father gets out of prison

the child will be a man. Poor little half-orphan, worse than orphan, what will become of him?"

It was the story of the little half-orphan that assured the organization of a society that should be a friend to friendless little ones like this. Mindful of that other Child, born as humbly, in a manger, the society was named the Guild of the Infant Savior. Mrs. McGinness is its president.

The Guild endeavors to remove from the child the stigma, if stigma there be, of its birth, although it does not recognize the stain as one hopeless and indelible. Leonardo da Vinci, its members recall, was a waif. Henry M. Stanley was of the sorrowful brotherhood. One of the foremost actors of the world was a half-orphan under circumstances of humiliation. Even were it not instinctive with the foster-parents to conceal the origin of the infant, the society would strongly admonish them so to do. There has been, however, no need of its admonitions.

"We are going to move out of the neighborhood," said a pretty young woman. "We have lived here ten years and are attached to the locality, but we are going on baby's account. Everyone in the neighborhood knows we adopted her, and the story of her being a foundling got out. She is only fifteen months old, but we are going to move now, before

BOY FOUND IN ASH-BARREL, NOW IN A MILLIONAIRE'S HOME



THREE WAIFS THAT HAVE FOUND GOOD HOMES

anyone can possibly convey to her mind that she was not born to us. I think we are a little jealous of her real parents, although they left her in a traveling-bag on a doorstep on Madison Avenue. A tall woman in a fur cloak stood at the corner and watched the servants until they took the baby into the house. Then she hurried away toward Fifth Avenue. I am always dreading the return of that tall woman in the fur cloak. Last week I took the baby out in her perambulator and a tall woman in black hurried past me and gave Florence a strange, sharp look. My husband says that since we have legally adopted her she is ours, and that if her parents had wanted her they wouldn't have left her on the doorstep. Still, I am afraid she may come back. Perhaps the mother couldn't help it. Perhaps she didn't know of the abandonment of the baby until too late. Some one else may have left it at the door."

That is the view of the officers of the Guild, that

discovery, to guard it from possible harm.

Sometimes those who find the "basket babies" in strange by-ways and bring them to the Guild, report that, when they lifted the little human burden in their arms, there



came out from the silence and the darkness a stifled sob. Often in the shadows, the Guild believes, the mother hides until she knows her little one is safe.

When a baby is taken to the rooms of the Guild, or when a report comes from Bellevue that another bit of humanity has floated thither on the tide of misfortune, it is sent to a healthy and re-

spectable woman, who nurses the child or takes it to board.

Young women from the office visit the baby from time to time, and the member of the Guild in whose district it lives studies its character and learns all its dainty mannerisms. Should the nurse be careless of her little charge—and this rarely happens—it is taken from her and given into more competent hands. But usually the baby stays with its first nurse until some one who wants the marvelous sunshine of a baby's presence in the house adopts it.

Strange and various are the requests made for babies. Often they come from children. A little girl of Hartford wrote:

perhaps most of the mothers "do not know"; or that, if they know, "they cannot help it." Often there have been circumstances attending the

finding of a foundling that prove that some one who loved the infant had been hovering near to the very moment of its



"We want a red-haired baby, a boy, and please have some freckles on his nose. I think he would be cuter if he squints. My mamma doesn't know about it. We want to surprise her. But my sister does." On a line below was scrawled in an unformed hand: "I'm her sister. I want a baby too."

A colored woman of Baltimore wrote: "I has four chillun of my own, but I'd like another. I don't care nothin' about his sect but I wants him to have ginger-colored hair."

Often pictures of cherubic little faces, many of them copies of paintings by the masters, are clipped from the prints, and sent with the request for a baby "who looks exactly like this."

It is not easy to adopt a baby from the Guild. First, it is necessary to certify that the applicant is not a bachelor of either sex. The Guild is adamant in its attitude toward these non-productive members of society. "They are not fit persons to take care of a child," it sternly declares. The foster-mother and -father must be of undoubted respectability and members of a church. They must state their income and convince the Guild that they are quite able to take good care of a child. A woman whose husband earns thirty-five dollars a week was refused a Guild baby because the searching investigation of the standing and habits of the family revealed that she didn't mend her husband's clothes. Another woman, with half her income, was permitted a precious charge, because she claimed and proved that a man can get on neatly and comfortably with four pairs of

socks a year, if they be properly darned and washed. The economical foster-mother has justified the Guild's faith in her.

But having convinced these friends of little ones that she is of excellent character and sufficient means, the would-be foster-mother must be on probation for a year. If frequent visits of the Guild committee convince it that she is worthy to care for the wee waif for life, she may apply for adoption papers. The process of adoption is an impressive ceremony. The foster-parents, accompanied by Mrs. Robert McGinness, go before the surrogate, who carefully interrogates each of them, and, if satisfied that they are proper guardians for the infant, solemnly admonishes them to their duty.

"It is a solemn responsibility to take a child's future into your keeping. You must care for this little one as tenderly as though it were your own," says the surrogate. "If not," he adds severely, "you will be amenable to the courts of law."

But by way of the stern surrogate's court often comes great good fortune to the foundlings. By that route came a little maiden, we will call Margaret, into love that no natural parents could surpass and material blessings that would amaze the Guild babies, were they old enough to reckon the benefits of pelf. Margaret is the only child in one of the most aristocratic homes in Brooklyn. When she was fifteen months old she owned three Brooklyn houses, three deeds containing her new hyphenated name in full denoting her complete ownership. And her new papa



TRANQUILLITY, TRAGEDY AND SCRUTINY

presented her a grand piano while she was still too young to extract sound from it except when her proud and pretty new mamma led her along its yielding keyboard, baby playing with her feet.

In a mansion near Riverside Drive the home-coming of a baby from the Guild was a ceremonial. The new parents insisted that the servants stand in stately line at the door and be introduced to the heiress of the household. The young mistress of the house received the infant from the arms of the young woman from the Guild.

"Lillie, dear, this is James, the butler. Here is Mary, the cook, and here Felice, my maid, and yours, sweetheart. And Minnie, the housemaid. There will be a nurse for you this afternoon."

The ceremonial ended abruptly, because the new mother went hastily into the drawing-room to compose herself and be alone with the marvelous baby. And her husband tiptoed in, shyly, a few minutes later. He had stayed at home that day. What was sordid business in a broker's office compared with a baby? And when little Lillie had met all of the household, she was laid away in a bassinette with violet ribbon bows and sheets soft as silk and a lace-trimmed pillow, over all of which hung the faint, sweet scent of wood violet. A princess' bed for the pauper of yesterday!

So by way of the Guild and the surrogate's court the little ones go from the pillars of the "L," from the ash-barrels and roofs, the doorsteps and sewers, to comfort always, and sometimes to luxury, invariably to all that struggling humans may justly claim—a fighting chance for life, and the best things life holds for any of us. The Guild has given the foundling its chance.

A nude, wailing infant, found in an ash-barrel, has drifted on the Guild current into a home where six children played and grew into manhood and womanhood and left to go into homes of their own making. The foundling baby crept into the empty home and lonely hearts of the elderly parents, who said they were wretched "without something small around the house."

Many children are adopted to fill the empty place, the great void, left by the baby who died.

Sometimes the early hours of life have been too cruel to the tiny one. The puny new-born's strength measured itself against the rigors of desertion and exposure and grief. It was thus with the tiny boy found in the subway. They named him "The Luck of the Subway," and the contractor, John B. McDonald, said that the babe should have a life-pass on the road and opportunity to work in the big tube as long as he wanted it, and a pension after he had reached the period of Oslerization. But after a few weeks of struggle for life, the wee one died.

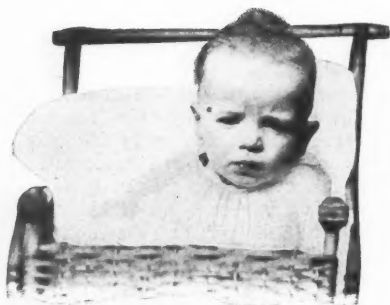
The Chinese baby found on the elevated railway steps, wrapped in brilliant Oriental silks and tied round and round with yellow ribbons, died in the embrace of the coils of yellow silk.



THEN A PULING PLEBEIAN—

The child that, when an hour old, was found wrapped in a newspaper on the same steps,

NOW A LITTLE LORD



"I WANT A HOME IN THE COUNTRY"

succumbed to the chill of the winter air and the keener cold of the hearts and hands that placed him there.

A beautiful little girl, a week old, exquisitely dressed, but with no possible means of identification, was found in the stage box of the Majestic Theater, sleeping comfortably in a silk-swathed box. The Guild baptized her Elizabeth, and in three days Elizabeth had found foster-parents in one of the exclusive homes of Providence. No slightest trace of the person or persons who placed her there could be found, and the new father and mother of Elizabeth pray that no belated trace will ever be found.

One hundred Guild babies need homes. One hundred babies will be given away. They may be brought back and exchanged if their dispositions or habits do not suit.

What will be the future of these infants?

Given a wholesome environment, will the power of a dubious heredity survive?

Will the influence of the proper new

parents outweigh the inherent influence of the old improper ones?

Is righteous rearing more potent than evil blood?

These questions arise at every bargain-day for babies at the Guild. The Guild answers simply, "We hope that all will be well, and we point to Henry M. Stanley and Leonardo da Vinci."

"And," the Guild adds, "an atmosphere of love casts out evil. God puts double love into the hearts of foster-parents."

The Guild believes that a child under two years may be entirely remolded; that it even turns to look like its foster-parents.

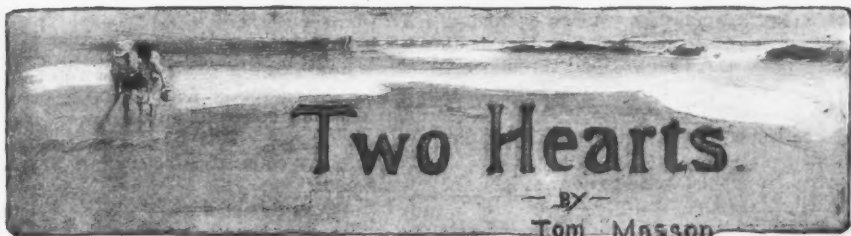
Forty-five per cent. of the women who surrender their children to the authorities or abandon them to chance, do so from necessity. These mothers are all wives, whose husbands are unable or unwilling to support their families. The Mater Christi Hospital will open soon for the care of women such as these who are dismissed from the crowded hospitals when their babes are but nine days old. The mothers will be taught domestic service of the best kind, and situations will be found for the mothers where "a child will not be an objection." Thus does the Guild propose, in some instances, to prevent the abandonment of children.

"Save the babies!" cries a sincere student of sociology.

"Why save babies with a predisposition to self-extermination?" cries another student as sincere.

Again warm humanity arrays itself against cold science. Again humanity speaks its last, merciful word: "Give everyone his chance for life, success, happiness."





A little love story showing how, in one particular case,
money did not count

IT was delicious lying on the sand in the summer morning. The fresh breeze from the sea fanned their faces, only just beginning to get a wholesome tan. Off to the left, on flats, a man was digging clams. To the right a lonely sandpiper was cogitating. Back of them was the cottage, weather-stained from exposure. On its ample piazza were a number of figures—summer boarders.

They had known each other a week—in this place as long as a lifetime.

"What would you do," he asked, suddenly raising his head and looking at her thoughtfully, "if I should propose to you?"

She started. A dull, red color showed through the tan on her cheeks. Then she recovered herself.

"How can I tell," she said laughingly, "until you try?"

"Then you have no method—no preconceived idea about the matter?"

"Why should I have? That would imply that I had thought about it."

"And this you haven't done—honest now?"

She looked at him gravely.

"I don't like you to-day," she said.

"If you are in earnest, you ought to know better than this, and if you are not in earnest, you are intolerable."

A look of intensity swept over his face.

"I am in earnest," he said, "very much in earnest, only—I don't know how to express myself. I love you. In the week that we have been together—the happiest one I remember ever to have passed—I

have come to regard life as wholly and utterly impossible without you. To think of leaving is something I cannot endure. And yet——"

He broke off suddenly, and reaching over, took her brown hand in his.

"Dearest," he said, "do you love me?"

There was a long silence.

"How do I know who you are?" she said at last. There was a note of hesitation in her voice.

"You know—you must know that I am not a summer man, any more than you are a summer girl, and that when I tell you that I love you, that confession carries with it everything. It means marriage, it means living together all our lives in faith and hope and love. It means an absolute surrender each to the other."

She looked at him half curiously.

"Does it mean all that for you?" she asked.

"Why shouldn't it—for me?"

"Only that you have never said that before. We have walked and talked and sat together and looked at the sea so persistently, and now to have you talk of these things seems—well, strange."

"Of course it seems strange, dear, but it is none the less true."

He looked at her anxiously.

"I have said enough," he went on, "for you to tell me whether you wish me to go on or not. Shall I stop right here?"

"No—go on."

"What I wanted to say was this," he continued slowly. "I don't know whether I can quite express myself. But we have been together now long enough, it seems to me, to love and trust each other. We have

never thought of questioning each other—we have just gone along unconsciously in perfect companionship, with no doubts, no suspicion, no fears. What I want is to have it all just like this—all through our lives. Why should we let the world enter into our secret?"

She leaned her head thoughtfully on her arm.

"What has the world to do with it?" she asked.

"Perhaps," he replied, "you haven't thought about it in quite the way that I have. But consider what it all means—think of how impossible it is for two people to love each other without the world entering in. Why, it is only because we have had no thought of marrying, because no consideration of any kind has entered into our minds, that we have been so happy—for we have been happy together, haven't we, dearest?"

"Yes—yes."

"And yet, when I asked you the question just now, you hesitated—you were as one suddenly awakened."

"Well, is this not right? Is it not an important matter to marry? One's whole life lies in the balance."

"And why? Simply because the world decides the matter for us—the world of conventionality, of selfishness and precariousness. In the first place, who am I? What is my family? How much money am I worth? All these questions and many more the world asks. The moment we decide upon the step, we are no longer our own masters. And yet we two have been together long enough to know each other. Why should we not throw the world aside and live our own lives—just as we have been doing for the past week?"

There was a long pause.

"It is impossible," she said at last. "I see what you mean. I agree with you—but—it is impossible."

Then she smiled.

"Why should it matter," she said, "after all? Why not give the world its due? Surely, the love that lies in our hearts need not be disturbed."

He gazed at her earnestly. There was a note of passion in his voice.

"If that were true," he replied, "there would be no reason why we should not conform to the world outwardly. But it is not true. The fact is that the modern world

with its complex life of conventions will eventually kill the pure love that should live between every man and his wife. It is not in the beginning, but constant dropping wears away the stone, and in the end two people who have started out with pure affection and comradeship will grow cold and indifferent. This is what I wish to avoid in our case. I want our love to remain pure."

"How can this be done?"

"Will you marry me—now?"

He looked at her eagerly.

"Yes."

"Come," he said, abruptly.

They both rose.

And then, with the fresh wind blowing on their faces, and the distant clam-digger's back turned toward them, he bent over and gave her a first kiss.

Slowly they walked away from the sea, up the sandy road that led to the little village, back to the town.

Halfway up the road, she stopped suddenly and caught his hand.

"Do you really mean it?" she said.

"Yes, dear, I really mean it. Why not?"

"Somehow it frightens me. You have asked me no questions about myself."

"I love you. Is that not enough? Besides, you have asked me no questions about myself. A week ago, we drifted here together—by chance. We have known each other better in these days here than if we had been on speaking terms for years in a crowded city. I would not marry you if I did not think I could make you happy, and I know you well enough to believe the same of you. Is it not so?"

"Yes."

"Then let us hurry on."

They passed up the village street. On the way he stopped in front of a bucolic jewelry-store. He led the way.

Almost silently, a plain gold band was selected. He paid for it and they passed out.

The clergyman happened to be home that afternoon. The day had grown very warm, and he was sitting on his piazza. He greeted them kindly.

"Good afternoon. You are staying at the Gableton Cottage, I believe."

"Yes."

"I am pleased that you called. Can I be of any service to you?"

The lover smiled.

"Of inestimable service, sir," he replied.

"This young lady and I wish to be married. We are both of age and know our own minds."

The venerable man looked puzzled.

"You are sure you know what you are about?" he asked.

"Absolutely."

He turned to the young lady.

"And you, Miss——?"

"Stacey. Yes—quite sure."

"You have never been married before, I presume."

"No."

"No."

"Your name, sir?"

"Herbert Ashcroft."

"Miss——?"

"Dorothy."

"Dorothy Stacey. Very well, there being no objections of any sort, I will call a witness."

They stood up before him in the little front parlor of the old-fashioned parsonage—two young people who had known each other for only a week. The ring was passed. The ceremony was over. They were one.

Herbert Ashcroft pressed a bill into the hand of their friend and benefactor, received his benediction, and once again they passed out into the village street down toward the sea.

This time they both walked firmly. As they reached the sandy lane that led to the ocean, he took her hand in his, and like the pair of simple lovers that they were, they walked along silently in the intensity of their happiness.

Once again they sat where a short time before they had sat, and again they looked out on the broad expanse of ocean.

The clam-digger was still there. But this time he was not alone. He had been joined by a female figure, and together they were wading in the shallow water of the flats, both with their shoes off, laughing at each other's antics. The sandpiper, as if to respect their privacy, had departed.

The bridegroom put his arm around the bride's waist. Her head sank on his shoulder.

"Dearest," he said, "I have a story to tell you. Will you listen?"

"Indeed, yes."

"Recently there lived in the metropolis a young man who was born into the world with the heaviest disadvantage that the world can give—that is to say, his parents

had too much money. He grew up, and after his college career he traveled all over the world. He had everything that money could buy. It is not surprising, therefore, that at twenty-five he became blasé. All that the world could give he had received, and grown so tired of that he longed to put it away out of his reach. His yacht became a bore, his automobile wearied him. One day, in a moment of self-contempt when he realized as in a flash that after all he had been wasting his life, he suddenly decided to go away somewhere and think it over. He wanted to get away from the world and to live by himself. So he left town, left his club, his yacht, his companions, and took the train to a quiet place where no one had ever heard of him or cared for him. With him he took only his man, but knowing that his man might attract curiosity if he had him in company, he put him up at the village, and went alone to the cottage. After he had been in the cottage a day, he met a young girl who was staying there alone. From the first moment he saw her he loved——"

She put her hand on his lips.

"Stop!" she cried. "You have told enough of your story. Now let me tell you mine. Once upon a time there was a young girl who lived in the metropolis. From the time she was an infant, she knew nothing but luxury."

"Her parents, who were very wealthy, showered upon her everything that a girl, perhaps, shouldn't have. At any rate, she grew up petted and pampered. She traveled and did all the frivolous things that a girl with plenty of money is supposed to do, so that when she grew up she became distrustful of men. She had a burning desire to know if love was really as cheap as it was held to be. One day she made a resolve. She was tired of the life she was leading, so she determined to go away, alone, and think it over. She selected a quiet spot; and so that she might get completely away from her surroundings, did not even allow her maid to live with her, but kept her in the village. She had not been in her surroundings more than a day before she met a man that she loved. She——"

Her husband looked at her repentantly.

"Darling," he said, "I have a confession to make. I knew it. I knew who you were. I found out yesterday. See my man yonder."

He pointed to the clam-digger.

"He told me."

His wife smiled.

"And so," she said, "you weren't willing to take me on trust. You married me because——"

"Because," he interrupted, "you were willing to marry *me*."

Her head sank on his shoulder.

"Will you forgive me?" she said.

She pointed to the other figure on the sand.

"I, too, knew who you were. My maid

told me—there she is, out there on the sand, with your man."

"Then why——"

"Don't you see, dear, that it is just the same—that our love is what it should be? You were willing to marry me because you didn't know that I knew who you were, and I was willing to marry you for the same reason. And now——"

He bent and kissed her again.

"And now," he said, "that we have once got rid of the world, let us keep it away from us."



The Law of Obedience

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

THE first item in the Common-sense creed is Obedience.

Do your work with a whole heart!

Revolt is sometimes necessary, but the man who mixes revolt and obedience is doomed to disappoint himself and everybody with whom he has dealings. To flavor work with protest is to fail absolutely.

When you revolt, why, revolt—climb, get out, hike, defy—tell everybody and everything to go to limbo! That disposes of the case. You thus separate yourself entirely from those you have served—no one misunderstands you—you have declared yourself.

But to pretend to obey, and yet carry in your heart the spirit of revolt, is to do half-hearted, slipshod work.

If revolt and obedience are equal, your engine will stop on the center and you benefit nobody, not even yourself.

The Spirit of Obedience is the controlling impulse of the receptive mind and the hospitable heart.

There are boats that mind the helm and boats that don't. Those that don't, get holes knocked in them sooner or later.

To keep off the rocks, obey the rudder.

Obedience is not to slavishly obey this man or that, but it is that cheerful mental condition which responds to the necessity of the case, and does the thing.

Obedience to the institution—loyalty! The man who has not learned to obey has trouble ahead of him every step of the way—the world has it in for him, because he has it in for the world.

The man who does not know how to receive orders is not fit to issue them. But he who knows how to execute orders is preparing the way to give them, and better still—to have them obeyed.



The Little Girl in the Big Ship

BY MAX NORDAU

QNCE upon a time a steamer sailed from Hamburg for South America. It was a ship as large as a street of sixty houses. There were hundreds of people in the vessel: sailors and stokers, poor emigrants and rich ladies and gentlemen. Among them, too, was a little girl about five years old, with a pretty round face, and two long braids of hair. Her name was Rieke, and she was the child of a young couple who had not been very well off at home in Mecklenburg, so they were moving to Argentina. Her father sat on a coil of rope in one corner of the ship, where he was not in the way of the sailors who were passing, and studied Spanish from a book; her mother was busy with Rieke's baby sister. During the first two or three days after leaving the Elbe, Rieke had stayed with her mother. She was still unused to the ship, and she was a little afraid of the engines, the various things she had never seen before, and all the strangers. Besides, she was a little seasick and had to keep quiet. But when she grew better, and the cargo had been stowed away in the ship, everything put in order, and the steamer was far outside in the open sea, she ventured to leave her mother's side and look around on deck.

Climbing carefully down the stairs, she reached the forward deck near the bow. The seamen did not take any notice of her; they had other things to do. Only one old sailor suddenly looked at her, and exclaimed, "Hello, little girl, what are you doing here?"

"I am traveling, and this is my ship," she answered fearlessly.

The man burst into a roar of laughter, slapped his thigh with his hand till it

cracked, and cried again and again, "Let me see this little Hop-o'-My-Thumb."

Then he took her by the arm and led her to the foremast to measure her. Rieke did not reach to the iron ring which surrounds it near the foot. She was no taller than the leg of a riding-boot.

"It's enough to make one laugh till one is crooked," said the old sailor. And the mast, which had looked on, really began to laugh itself crooked, and rocked to and fro, creaking and groaning, and the flag which waved at the top, that is at the masthead, also shook with merriment, and both of them, in their rustling, squeaking language, told the wheel about the little girl who was traveling in the big ship. The wheel laughed till it turned and rolled so that two steersmen could hardly keep it steady, and it told the news to the davits—the curved iron rods from which the life-boats hang over the edge of the ship;—and the davits told the boats which they carried, and the boats told the fat, merry porpoises which were swimming beside the ship to snap up any scraps, and the porpoises gossiped about it, and so it was talked over far and wide in the sea, till the merman and his daughters heard of it, too; and they were all curious to see the funny little girl who was traveling in the big ship.

Meantime little Rieke had no idea that there was so much talking about her on the ship, in the air and in the water. So she left the old sailor, who laughed heartily as he looked after her, to continue her voyage of discovery on board. She gazed in astonishment at the smoke-stacks, which looked as wide and high as doors, peeped timidly down the engine-shafts, where huge steel rods moved noisily up and down, glanced at the bridge, and at last reached a staircase in the middle of the ship, a



Drawn by Rose Cecil O'Neill

THE MAN BURST INTO A ROAR OF LAUGHTER

staircase with a costly carpet and shining gilt railings on both sides.

Rieke hesitated a moment, then she boldly went down the steps and into a large room, more beautiful than any she had ever seen in all her life. Mirrors and pictures hung on the walls; a thick carpet, into which the feet sank as if it were soft moss, covered the floor. Ladies and gentlemen were sitting in easy-chairs or on sofas talking together or reading books and newspapers. Rieke was standing near the door, gazing at all the splendid things she had never seen before, when a man in uniform, apparently a servant, came up and asked roughly, "Whom do you want here?"

"Nobody," replied Rieke shyly.

"Then be off. No one is allowed here except the first-cabin passengers."

An elderly lady, who was sitting on the

sofa, had seen all that happened, and called to the child, "Come to me, little one."

Rieke went to the lady, who stroked her fair little head, wiped her eyes and cheeks with a fine lace handkerchief, and questioned her about her home and her parents. Rieke was not at all shy, but answered plainly and sensibly. Other passengers came up and, pleased with the brightness of the beautiful child, they all wanted to talk with and pet her. Among them was an Argentine land-owner who was going home with his wife. Their only child had died, and they went to Europe to try to escape from their sad thoughts.

"It is strange," said the gentleman to his wife, who wore deep mourning, "that poor people have such beautiful, healthy children, and we rich ones such delicate, frail darlings, whom we cannot bring up."

The lady in mourning made no answer, but she thought of her dead child, her eyes filled with tears and, drawing the little girl close to her side, she kissed her again and again.

An hour passed. Rieke's parents became anxious because she did not come back, and her father went to look for her. He asked here and there if anyone had seen her, and, after many questions, he found out that she was in the first cabin. He knew that a poor steerage passenger like himself was not allowed to enter it, so he asked a sailor to bring his little girl. The sailor told the cross servant, and the cross servant went into the cabin and said to Rieke, "You must come to your father; he is waiting for you outside."

"Oh, what a pity!" murmured the old lady who had first noticed the child.

"Come back again very soon, directly after dinner," added the lady in black.

"The little girl mustn't come in; it is strictly forbidden," said the servant sharply.

His words caused a great uproar, especially among the ladies. "We won't allow it," cried one. "We *will* have the child here," exclaimed a second.

"Then you must go into the steerage or speak to the captain," replied the man, turning to take the little girl away.

"Let her go," said the Argentine land-owner, and, clasping Rieke's hand, he led her upstairs where her father was waiting.

"What are you?" he asked the father.

"I am a farmer."

"And what do you want to do in Argentina?"

"I shall look for a position as manager of an estate. If I succeed and can make a little money, I shall perhaps later buy or lease a farm of my own."

"That's the very thing," said the Argentine land-owner. "I need a good manager, and would like to have a German. If you suit me, you can do well in my employ."

The little girl's father gladly accepted the offer. He wanted to hurry off to his wife to tell her the good news, but the land-owner stopped him.

"One thing more. My wife wants to have your little girl with her while we are on the ship. I will arrange with the captain for this." And he did so at once.

In the afternoon all the passengers amused themselves with the child, who went from one to the other, talking with everybody whose language she understood. Among them was the head of a museum of ethnology, who had come to Europe to buy curiosities for his collections. He invited the whole company to his cabin to show them his treasures. He explained the weapons, utensils and ornaments of the ancient and modern peoples, but modestly confessed that he also had a great many things whose use he did not know. Taking up an oddly shaped bit of ivory, covered with carved lines, he said: "Look, I don't know what this is. Probably it may be a porridge-spoon, but perhaps it is the badge of some unknown rank."

Rieke began to laugh, exclaiming, "My, that's a shoe-horn."

"A shoe-horn?" replied the scholar in astonishment; "that is impossible. The people who made this article probably wore no shoes."

"But it is a shoe-horn," Rieke persisted, and the ladies all agreed with her. The director, shaking his head, examined the article again very carefully, and saw in one corner a drawing which he had not noticed before. It represented a savage with feathers in his hair, and shoes on his feet, which probably could not have been put on without the help of a horn.

"You are right, little one," he said. "And since you are so clever, perhaps you can tell me what this one is too." He gave her, with a smile, a wooden object which looked like an ordinary cross.

"That's a cross," remarked a passenger who was standing near.



Drawn by Rose Cecil O'Neill

"WE'LL GIVE HER SOMETHING," SAID THE MEXICAN

"It can't be," replied the director, "for it is a thousand years older than Christianity."

Rieke took the mysterious article in her hand, looked at it a moment, and said:

"That is a winder."

"What is a winder?"

"Don't you know? It's the cross people wind yarn on to make a ball. Else how can you knit?"

After supper she went back to her parents. As the sea was perfectly calm and the weather warm, Rieke's mother let her open the little round window and put out her head. As soon as her face appeared, a voice outside called, "There is the little girl who travels in the big ship."

Rieke looked around curiously and saw the merman with the long beard, calling his daughters out of the water that they might see the little girl too.

"We'll give her something," said the merman.

"Yes, yes, yes," cried the mermaids, and dove down so quickly that the water gurgled. The next minute they were back again and gave their father all sorts of things, which he passed up to the window on the forked end of a long piece of coral.

"Don't be afraid," he said; "take them for a remembrance of my daughters."

The first gave her a mother-of-pearl shell, the second a branch of red coral, the third a pearl, the fourth a long curved narwhal tooth, and the fifth a soft, wet, shapeless thing, which at first she did not want to touch.

Rieke's father drew the wet thing into the window and, looking at it, saw that it was the rolled-up skin of some unknown creature. He opened it, and was astonished at its great length and width. It had queer green and black spots, long spines on the back, a red crest on the neck, and the head ended in a snout like a turtle's.

The next day, when they heard that the merman had talked with the little girl the night before and given her all sorts of beautiful things, everybody wanted to see the presents. The ladies particularly admired the pearl, but when the snake-skin was unrolled, a young man fairly leaped into the air, exclaiming:

"The sea-serpent! The famous sea-serpent, in which people would not believe! Now we have it! Hurrah! We have the sea-serpent!" This young man was a naturalist, on his way to South America to

try to make some discovery in the vast forests. He wanted to become a professor, so that he could marry a young girl whose father would not give his consent because the lover was not a famous man, and had neither office nor title. The young naturalist told Rieke's father this, and begged him to sell him the sea-serpent's skin. For, if he could describe and make a picture of it and have a book published about it, he would become famous at once and would certainly be a professor and could marry the girl to whom he was engaged.

"Take the serpent-skin," said Rieke's father; "I will give it to you, and may it bring you good fortune."

The young man insisted upon paying for it, until Rieke's father grew almost angry. "I will not sell the skin for money. Every one ought to help his neighbor as he can."

The young man already saw himself sure to win his bride, and could not keep his happiness secret. He told everyone of the change in his fate and what he owed the little girl who was traveling with them. A gentleman, who had been very silent and did not join the others, drew Rieke to his side, smoothed her fair hair, and said:

"Tell me, what shall I do to get a little girl just like you?"

"Haven't you any?" answered Rieke.

"No," said the gentleman.

"Why not?" asked Rieke.

"Because I am not married."

"Well then, get married," cried Rieke, so loud that everybody heard her and began to laugh.

"Yes, but whom shall I marry?"

Rieke looked around, pointed to a young lady sitting modestly in a corner, and said: "Marry her. She is beautiful and good."

The young lady blushed, the passengers laughed, and the gentleman went up to her and begged her pardon for having unintentionally embarrassed her. In this way they became acquainted. The gentleman was a very rich man who had nothing to do, and did not know how to dispose of all his money, so he went traveling all over the world to pass away the time. The young lady was an orphan, going to an aunt in Brazil, so that she might not have to live alone. When they had talked together and become better acquainted, they liked each other and, three days later, the gentleman called the little girl and said: "Well, Rieke, I have taken your advice. I am



Drawn by Rose Cecil O'Neill

"MARRY HER. SHE IS BEAUTIFUL AND GOOD"

going to marry the beautiful, good young lady." Rieke ran joyfully to her parents and told them the news; so everybody heard of the engagement, and people said, "It's very plain that there is a little girl traveling on the big ship."

The elderly lady who had first taken little

Rieke's part when the cross servant wanted to put her out of the cabin, continued to be her best friend, and wanted to have her always near, so that the lady in mourning really grew jealous and said very seriously: "You must let me have the little one part of the time. Her company may console me for the child I have lost."

"I have lost my only child, too," replied the older lady sadly.

The wife of the Argentine land-owner wished to hear about it, but at first the other would not speak freely. At last, however, she was persuaded to tell the whole story. She had had an only child, a grown daughter. And she had lost her, but not by death. The daughter had married, against her mother's will, a man whom she did not want for a son-in-law. In punishment for such disobedience, she would have nothing more to do with her. But she had learned that she had a little girl with fair hair and blue eyes. The child must now be just about Rieke's age. The old lady could not help thinking constantly about her grandchild when Rieke was playing by her side and talking with her.

When the lady in mourning had heard this story, she urged her to forgive her daughter at once, and Rieke, who had heard everything and understood most of what was said, exclaimed at the same time, "Yes, yes, you must forgive your daughter and let your grandchild come here."

Tears filled the old lady's eyes and, clasping Rieke in her arms, she said: "You are right, dear. I will do what you ask."

"But this very minute!" said Rieke.

"That cannot be," replied the lady, smiling through her tears, "but as soon as we land."

Rieke was satisfied, and the lady in mourning congratulated the old lady because she would now find her lost daughter, and have a dear little grandchild too. The story of the mother's forgiveness of her only daughter became known among the passengers, and the gentleman who was engaged to the orphan said: "Rieke, you are surely the angel of peace. Suppose you try to make peace for some one else."

"Whom?" asked the child.

"Do you see those two gentlemen over there?"

Rieke looked and answered, "Yes." She had known them a long time, and had noticed that they never spoke to each other, never went near each other, and always managed to have the whole length or width of the cabin between them.

"Well, these two gentlemen are the presidents of two South American republics."

"What is that?" asked Rieke.

"It would take too much time to explain it," said the gentleman. "The countries of these two presidents have been enemies a long while, many years, and people say that they want to make war on each other. Then a great many men will be wounded and killed."

"Little girls, too?" asked Rieke, in terror.

"Little girls, too," replied the gentleman.

"So go and beg the two presidents not to make war, but be friends with each other."

Rieke did not wait to be asked twice. She went to the younger one, who looked more good-natured and had smiled at her once, and told him how terrible it would be to wound and kill people, especially little girls, and he ought not to make war. Rieke spoke German, and the gentleman understood nothing but Spanish, so he listened, smiling, and asked his next neighbor what the pretty child wanted.

An interpreter was at once found, who faithfully translated the little girl's words. Then the gentleman patted Rieke's cheeks, saying, "Tell all that to my colleague over there."

Rieke seized the president's hand and, though at first he resisted, she drew him with her to the other corner and repeated to the second gentleman her entreaty for peace. The second gentleman was old and looked gloomy. At first he frowned when the little girl's words were repeated to him. But as the first gentleman had bowed politely when he came up, he was obliged to return it, and Rieke would not go until she had received some kind of a reply. The eyes of all the passengers were fixed upon him, and unless he wanted them to take him for a very rude fellow, he could do nothing except stroke Rieke's curls, too, and say with rather a sour smile, "Little girls don't understand such things."

"Yes, yes," Rieke persisted, taking hold of the gloomy man's hand, and putting it into the other president's. The two began to talk together, at first stiffly, then more cordially, and, after some time, they both went to the older one's stateroom. From that time they were a great deal in each other's company, sat side by side at table, and after several days the good news spread through the steamer that the two presidents had become friends, and there would be no war between their countries. The captain ordered a salute to be fired in honor of the event, the crew had another feast and more presents, and everybody on board, both passengers and sailors, perceived that the little girl was the most important person in the big ship.

The carpenters hammered and carved for the little girl in the big ship a small ship with a big girl in it, and when, a few days after, the steamer reached South America, they gave it to her for a remembrance of her first sea-voyage, on which she had won the good will of the merman and his daughters, obtained a good place for her father, explained to the director of a museum the use of his ancient things, helped a scholar to secure fame, a professorship and a wife, aided an old bachelor to become engaged to a beautiful orphan girl, persuaded a mother to forgive her daughter, and made peace between two hostile countries. Was not that a voyage well worth remembering?

Peonage in America

BY HERBERT D. WARD

IN this vivid article Mr. Ward tells of the curious and cruel though wholly legal practice by which free negroes, citizens of the United States, who have incurred debts to white men, are bound in peonage and compelled to "work out" their debts, often being retained in harsh servitude long beyond the time represented by the amount of the money they owe. Mr. Ward gives many examples of the criminally unjust workings of the frightful peonage system and its far-reaching effects. In one case a negro borrowed a dollar, failed to pay it, was arrested, put in jail, fined by a magistrate, bound over as a peon to a white man and compelled to work under guard for eight months.

This strange form of tyranny actually has a legal basis as an excuse and is a threat to the freedom of every poor American citizen.

Mr. Ward's article affords a strong study in the expression of illiterate laborers, unable to provide for themselves. Every sympathetic reader North and South must feel a strong heart-interest in it, and a desire for the sweeping away of the false conditions of which it treats.—Editor's Note.

P EONAGE is neither a race nor a negro problem any more than astigmatism is. It is purely a labor question. The suppression of the poor by the rich, of the weak by the strong, of the ignorant by the educated, is an evil that has occupied the attention of the legislator since the beginning of elective government. The enslavement of the illiterate laborer is the easiest as well as the cheapest form of tyranny. The aristocracy of every nation had always raised a stone wall of law or of custom, or of both, about serfage, vassalage, villenage and peonage, until the Congress of these United States framed and passed the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution. This was ratified by the secretary of state on the 18th day of December, 1865, and prohibited "slavery and involuntary servitude except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted." This amendment is self-executing, and on it hangs the freedom of every citizen of the United States. As Attorney-General Moody declares, it "is not a mere prohibition of state laws establishing or upholding slavery, but

an absolute declaration that slavery or involuntary servitude shall not exist in any part of the United States." Then the world gradually awoke to the value of individual freedom.

In this amendment, the question arose as to the meaning of the phrase "involuntary servitude." In the famous Slaughter House cases (16 Wall., 36), these fundamental words were said "to have been intended to cover," as Mr. Moody points out in his exhaustive brief in behalf of the United States in the now famous Clyatt case, "the system of Mexican peonage and the Chinese coolie trade, the practical operation of which might have been a revival of the institutions of slavery under a different and less offensive name."

In Mexico the law ignored the word "peon," and in all legislation used the term "servant." This euphemism did not make the servitude any less involuntary under the interpretation of the laws, until the contract was acknowledged by the master to have been fulfilled. The whole system of peonage was founded upon indebtedness.

Debt has always been the highway to servitude. The capitalist, in a land where labor is difficult to enforce, is always eager to be a creditor to poverty and ignorance.

The advance is the sweetened paper that catches the illiterate and desperate human fly and holds him often until life is extinct.

In a charge to a jury in a peonage case, a United States district judge gave the following definition of peonage as practiced in this country: "It is where a man in consideration of an advance or debt or contract, says, 'Here, take me, I will give you dominion over my person and liberty, and you can work me against my will hereafter, and force me by imprisonment, or threats of duress, to work for you until that debt or obligation is paid.'" This is the Mexican system woven in our social fabric. But, as might be expected, with our initiative and originality, the American employer of so-called contract labor would not be satisfied with the voluntary agreement to the condition of peonage. We therefore engraft from Japan the coolie system of labor, from China the slavery that flourishes in San Francisco and New York, from Italy the padrone system that envelops almost every Italian immigrant under the age of fifteen, and from Hungary the serfdom that makes many of our Eastern mines a hell under earth.

There is no doubt in my mind that the company's store at the mouth of our mines and quarries, where the capitalist employs illiterate labor and dominates the community by reason of its isolation from independent public opinion and the press, by the terrorism of power and purse, is the original cause of a state of peonage whose hopelessness it is impossible to overestimate. Any man who labors year in and year out and who cannot catch up with his advances at the company's store, and who is not allowed to stop work until he does, is in a state of peonage from which he can pray release from the nearest Federal court, if the petty county lawyer dares not take his case. If the man is forced to labor under an agreement, and the debtor is held against his will, the law holds that the agreement, no matter how or why it was made, is illegal under the peonage statute. As an eminent justice said, "if the agreement under the sweeping provisions of the statute can ever be said to be voluntary, it certainly becomes involuntary the moment the person desires to withdraw and then is coerced to remain and perform service against his will." If this fact were

known, how many thousands of men, North, South, East and West, could be set free from a pressing state of peonage that is more desperate and humiliating than was the slavery of the black man or the white! If statistics could be had from all over our country—and these can come only through action before the United States courts—I believe it would be found that the proportion of the white peon to the black peon would be as five hundred to one.

Peonage, like slavery, is a crime, and I wish to repeat that it is a labor problem that has nothing to do with either race or color, section or locality. It creeps in wherever in isolated places ignorance and illiteracy are at the mercy of capital and power. Wherever it exists in the North and West, it is not recognized as peonage, nor will it be, until the drivers of peons are indicted by the grand jury and haled before Federal courts. To my mind, it seems almost a pity that the South is the first section that has called attention to this menacing abuse. The South is under the disadvantage of having forced upon it the solution of its vital problem by every social thinker, petty or great, who thinks he knows how to make a speech or wield the pen. There are the liquor, the labor, the immigration and the negro enigmas. I have yet to see a Northern statesman or sociologist who has unpuzzled the first three; and I have not yet heard of an educated Northerner who has lived in the South, owned property in the South, known the South, who pretends to be able to settle the last question. These four great controversies will be lived into solution, not talked or written into solution. National harmony and sanity will come in natural development, not in sudden reformation.

Now it has happened not to the dishonor, but to the honor, of two Southern states that the bombshell of peonism has been exploded. It is because the Federal courts of Alabama and of Georgia have been so strenuous in prosecuting peonage cases, that we know so much about the subject.

But upon Alabama, because of its indictments, its vigorous prosecutions, its fearless denunciations, its dramatic testimony and its convictions, the limelight of public horror has been particularly cast. This is to the credit, not the discredit, of the state. For it shows that the best

element of the state is aroused to the protection of its citizens, whether they be black or white. The fact that the first peonage indictment was drawn by a Democratic district attorney, who was appointed by President Roosevelt, and that the prosecutions were continued by Republican district attorneys, and that the sentences were pronounced by a Democratic judge, also demonstrates that partisanship of politics has no part in the release of even the most despicable peon from illegal bondage.

Another fact patent to the Southerner, but not always understood by other people, must be stated. Just as the padrone who buys a batch of bootblacks, holds them under duress and lets them out, or as the Chinese slave-importer, or as the labor-contractor for the mines, is despicable, by the very reason of his trade, so is the illegal impresser of labor and the oppressor of negro peons the most despicable of Southern whites. The planters and their descendants—the old gentlemen of broad estates, whose names are famous in our martial history, and whose property was blotted out by the Civil War—are as far removed from these moral degenerates as the average clergyman is from the pickpocket on the street. The modern peonist, if I may coin the word, is a descendant from the very slave-driver, or from the white brute whose degenerate poverty put him on a par with the colored freeman, and who hated the negro as one hates a rival. He it was who by chicanery, cheating the negro, and oppressing him, gradually acquired possessions and so wielded an almost baronial local power. The South is full of such slimy upstarts whose influence and wealth are the great menaces of the South's prosperity. They are the modern slave-catchers, who, by reason of their intrenched position, swoop down upon the small farmers, and by violence take from them the laborers they have engaged.

Alabama has furnished the most exhaustive and dramatic illustrations of peonage of all the states in the Union. This is because peonage was there first discovered, and then most relentlessly pursued, by fearless Federal officials. That peonage had been practiced for years under the protection of the state contract labor law that had not been declared unconstitutional, no one for a moment doubts. Many of the

Gulf States are no more righteous in this matter. But until two or three years ago, nobody in the state knew what peonage was. They hardly knew what the name meant. Every one did know that sheriffs, magistrates, rich land-owners and many politicians were in the habit of buying and selling negro laborers who had been arrested on real or "faked-up" charges, who had been fined and who were compelled to work out their alleged fines and costs at the mercy of their masters. This is a common solution of the labor problem, and hitherto, protected by state law. It was not until a few cases were brought before Judge Thomas G. Jones of the Federal Court, who examined the statute, and was the first one in the country to construe peonage, which he did in his famous charge to the grand jury at Montgomery, that the people began to suspect that the Thirteenth Amendment was violated. Then the state aroused itself.

Now, this is the way the new slavery was worked:

In Alabama there are about twenty-five hundred justices of the peace. These justices under the law have jurisdiction in criminal cases of petty larceny in which the value of the stolen property does not exceed ten dollars. They can also impose sentence of fine or imprisonment, or both, for drunkenness, vagrancy, and like petty offenses. Their sentences to hard labor cannot exceed twelve months. They have no jurisdiction to hard labor for non-payment of costs. The value of hard labor in working out a fine is about thirty-three to thirty-five cents a day. Under the statute of Alabama, these justices do not have to make a report of their convictions to any one. The state convict board, the county labor agent, the secretary of state, no one, knows anything about these convictions officially. Consequently, a person summarily sentenced by a justice of the peace drops out of sight like a marble in a well. He has no number, no record, nothing by which he can be restored to freedom except the good will or whim of the man who works him.

Besides the justices of the peace, each one of whom has power to appoint special constables, there are seven to eight hundred notaries public, who are ex-officio justices of the peace, and who generally usurp their power. In addition, there are sixteen hundred and fifty constables in the state.

So there are about forty-nine hundred officials without adequate supervision who account to no one for their acts, and whose living depends upon the fees they can exact when a conviction is made. No conviction, no fees—no living. It is natural that in isolated sections these men may develop into human bloodhounds seeking whom they can devour.

Now, when you add to this a state law under which each "peonist" fancied himself protected unto the uttermost, then one cannot wonder that a new serfdom was born. Every condition conspired to enslave the poor and ignorant. The wonder is that any black man without anchorage was let free. If it were not for the best old-planter sentiment, that which protects and loves the negro, peonage would have been the general, not the isolated, condition of servitude.

Probably no case made a greater stir than that of J. F. Turner, a sub-contractor for county convicts. These were bought from F. W. Pace, who is at present under a suspended sentence. At his trial, many well-known people vouched for the uprightness of Turner's character. A convict-contractor has a stockade, maintains guards and bloodhounds, and works men. Three negroes were tried by Mayor White of Goodwater, convicted, and fined six dollars and sixty cents each, making a total of nineteen dollars and eighty cents. They were then marched across country and sold to Turner for forty dollars.

As far as can be ascertained, one of these negroes was picked up in Goodwater on the charge of vagrancy. He was on his way home, and stopped to ask some one to give him something to eat. For that offense he was arrested, roped and sold. It was, just as the judge stated to the jury in his charge, "as though some ruffian had come on the streets of Goodwater and picked him up and forcibly carried him off to hire him out." There was no law, no legal proceeding, nothing to justify the outrage.

It was in the beginning of the Turner case that the United States district judge rendered his famous decision that the state law that held a man to labor for debt was unconstitutional. His scoring of the jury for failing in their duty to convict Turner on the testimony offered by the prosecution, because the defendant was a white man

and his victim a negro, was the cause not only of the rallying of the best element in the state to the banner of justice, but of freeing at least fifteen hundred negroes from an actual state of peonage. Nearly every leading newspaper in the state supported the court in its effort to break up peonage. The people of Alabama are no worse than the rest of mankind. They want justice even if the heavens do take a temporary drop.

The selling of a peon from planter to planter like human collateral, is so common a practice that it needs illustration. Joe, a "husky" negro, borrowed a dollar one day while under temporary hallucination. It is about as dangerous a thing for a negro to borrow as it is for him to take a swig of prussic acid. He was arrested and charged with obtaining money under false pretense. The question of whether he could pay it back or not, evidently did not enter the head of the justice of the peace before whom he was tried. Here was a man out of whom several dollars could be made. So Joe was fined five dollars and costs, and then was not given the opportunity to pay. He was locked up overnight, and the next day a planter "confessed judgment"—that is, paid Joe's fine and a bonus, so that the whole bill was forty dollars. With him Joe signed a criminal contract that bound him to work ninety days for the benevolent planter who saved him from prison. The planter worked Joe a year, and then sold him to a neighboring planter for fifty dollars, making ten dollars and a year's work out of his original bargain. So Joe signed a new criminal contract with his second owner, and one night tried to escape with a boat. He was run down with dogs, caught, and sentenced by the court for two terms of six months each—one for cutting the painter of the boat, and the other for breaking his contract. It was a little after that time that the poor fellow was rescued by the government officers.

In point of fact, all cases are alike in the inception—the alleged offense—the counterfeit trial—the unrecorded sentence—the imposition of a fine—the frightening of the poor prisoner with a penalty of the convict-stockade—the arrival of the farmer who will pay the peon's fine and costs—the purchase of the peon—the signing by the peon of the criminal contract which binds

him to an indeterminate slavery—and finally the imprisonment in the very stockade which the prisoner dreaded, for an immeasurably longer term than any properly convicted county convict could have possibly served for the same offense.

Bob English, a poor white, with his two full-grown boys and nine other children, was a renter on a certain farm in Coffee County. In the spring of 1903, the sons of the landlord went out to cut down a tree in which bees were hiving. As they passed by the English cabin, they called Bob English to come along and help them. Naturally, Bob assented to this congenial proposition of the sons of his overlord. The job of getting the honey was bothersome, and it was decided to set fire to the heart of the tree, which was punk-like. A month later, a negro reported to the boss that a fire was smoldering in the "honey-bee tree." Whereupon an order was sent to English to put it out. English was a renter and under no legal obligation to obey any such command; but he forgot the order, although, as he afterward testified, he would not have dreamed of disobeying it. He was at that time watching the cotton-plant sprouting. A month later, there was a little fire in the woods and the damage to his turpentine-trees was estimated at fifty dollars. Bob English and his boys were arrested and brought before a justice of the peace, charged with criminal negligence in burning the woods. In a little while, it came out that the owner of the woods, Prestwood by name, had no hard feeling toward Bob English and was perfectly willing to let him work out the fifty dollars and fine with him. So Bob signed a contract before the justice of the peace, in which it was made to appear that he, Bob, had received fifty dollars as an advance. Thus Bob signed himself and his two boys into slavery. After working for three months and getting rations that barely supported them alive, they asked for an accounting, and were told the debt had been reduced by only three dollars and twenty-eight cents. Then Bob and his boys broke out of the stockade in which they were kept, and walked five nights until they reached the Florida line, eighty miles away. Prestwood was finally forced to accept forty-six dollars and seventy-two cents for the release of the Englishes from their imprisonment for

alleged debt. Prestwood is at present under indictment.

Cases of negro holding negro in peonage are probably not so common, but still they occur. D. J. Jackson is one of the many colored preachers who make cotton during the week and hold services on Sunday. He went to a store one day, in Troy, Pike County, and bought articles to the value of six dollars and eighty cents, and had them charged. It is rather a rare thing for a negro to buy anything and not have it charged, so this was not an isolated case and one to engender suspicion. Two days later, the store-keeper swore out a warrant against Jackson under the state law, charging him with getting goods under false pretenses. Jackson was then brought before the justice of the peace and threatened with the chain-gang, and Jackson naturally was frightened to death. He was locked up for a day or two in jail. There was no trial, no plea of guilty, nothing whatever to savor even of the pretense of legality, but a negro schoolteacher by the name of Hall came forth and said that he would help Jackson out, and the poor preacher, clutching at any straw, allowed Hall to confess judgment; that is, to pay the whole amount of the bill charged against him, amounting to fourteen dollars and fifty-five cents, itemized as follows:

"Justice's fees.....	\$3.25
Sheriff's ".....	4.50
Damages	6.80"

So Jackson signed a criminal contract which had been prepared for him, agreeing to work out for Hall the amount of this advance.

As I said before, the borrowing mania is liable to be a fatal one to negro boys. The case of a young negro by the name of Brown is mentioned only because of the high price he commanded. This black lad borrowed a dollar from a man by the name of Crumpler, and promised to pay it the following week. During this time he went to Ozark, and he failed to pay it on the day that he had named. He was arrested and put into jail. He was not asked whether he had the money—probably he did not have it. But he was fined, as they all are, and then marched under handcuffs to the lumber-mill of S. W. Tyson, who paid

ninety-six dollars and fifty cents for him. The man who lent the money, the constable who arrested and finally sold him, and the justice of the peace who fined him must have made altogether a handsome thing out of this boy.

Tyson put the lad in stripes and worked him under guard for eight months, locking him in at night. He then sold Brown to George Stephens for thirty-six dollars and fifty cents. I have often wondered why that extra fifty cents was tacked on.

At the present writing, the Sheriff of Crenshaw County is a fugitive from justice and said to be hiding somewhere in Mexico. The trouble with him seems to have been that he was an epicurean. He loved the pleasures of the table; he pined for a cook. It seems that for some time he had had his eye on Mat Youngblood. Mat was an excellent cook, but she would not come to the sheriff's house and exhibit for his benefit her culinary art. So one evening she was apprehended by a constable on the frivolous charge of playing a ten-cent-limit game of poker. She was brought before a justice of the peace, convicted of the crime of gaming and assessed a fine of fifty dollars. To this was added a clerk's fee of nine dollars and ten cents, a sheriff's fee of twelve dollars, a solicitor's fee of sixty dollars, a witness' fee of eleven dollars and forty cents and a removal bill of fourteen dollars and twenty cents. The total amounted to one hundred and fifty-six dollars and seventy cents. The woman confessed judgment to her fine and costs, and the sheriff, with two others, became her surety; having thus come into possession of her person, he put her into his kitchen and told her to cook. During this time, some friends of this persecuted creature interested themselves, and the governor of the state remitted her fine. Nevertheless, she was held and worked. Thereupon the woman fled. But the sheriff had tasted of her broiled chicken, of her corn-cakes, of all the delicacies that stimulate the Alabama palate. She was brought back, tried in the county-courts, and was sentenced to ten days' hard labor for the county, and to sixty-three days for the cost of the suit, as though she were a confirmed criminal. She was put in charge of the county convict-contractor, who handed her once again to the Sheriff

of Crenshaw County, who put her again into his kitchen and ordered her to cook. At this period, the injustice and inhumanity, as well as the high-handedness, of these proceedings aroused comment, and she was plucked out of her slavery by the hand of the Federal government.

The laws of the United States and of England—in other words, the laws of the Anglo-Saxon race—do not recognize the power of the master to compel the performance of an ordinary contract for personal service. If the servant runs away and abandons his contract before completion, the master, under our laws, may maintain an act to recover damages for a breach of contract, but he cannot compel the actual working out of the contract against a servant's will. Herein the laws of the Anglo-Saxon race differ from those of the rest of the world.

Peonage, as these illustrations have shown us, outrages and nullifies the liberty of the individual, upon which foundation our government is built. But in order that there shall be no doubt about this question and that there may be no enslavement for debt, no possible cause for peonage within the borders of our states and territories, Section 5526 of the Revised Statutes prohibits and makes penal the acts of an individual in holding, arresting or returning any person to a "condition of peonage." That is, "no person," as Attorney-General Moody construes the law, "shall be held by another against his will to labor for his creditor in liquidation of a debt." It may be well to quote in full this section, which is the crux of the whole peonage matter in these United States. It reads as follows:

"Sec. 5526. Every person who holds, arrests, returns, or causes to be held, arrested, or returned, or in any manner aids in the arrest or return of any person to a condition of peonage, shall be punished by a fine of not less than one thousand nor more than five thousand dollars, or by imprisonment not less than one year nor more than five years, or by both.

"Sec. 5527. Every person who obstructs or attempts to obstruct, or in any way interferes with, or prevents the enforcement of, the preceding section, shall be liable to the pains and penalties therein prescribed."

On the 25th day of March, 1902, Samuel

M. Clyatt was convicted in the United States Circuit Court for the Northern District of Florida of having returned certain persons to a condition of peonage, in violation of Section 5526 of the Revised Statutes of the United States. He was sentenced to be confined to hard labor for a period of four years in the Federal penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia. The case was taken upon a writ of error to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit. It was argued before this tribunal, which, desiring the instructions of the Supreme Court of the United States, made an order on the 29th day of March, 1904, that three propositions of law be certified to the highest judiciary in the land.

Probably no case of equal importance has come before the Supreme Court within a generation. The question of slavery under a new guise had to be decided. That the blacks are becoming disfranchised, no one doubts. But that either blacks or whites should be enslaved under the guise of law and in violation of the Constitution and statutes, was so grave a question that all others seemed to dwindle into insignificance beside it. Upon the decision of the Supreme Court in this case

In fact, proceedings against peonage and the infliction of sentences imposed were entirely suspended throughout the South until the momentous deci-



HELD IN PEONAGE AND WHIPPED UNTIL HIS MIND BECAME AFFECTED



SOLD FOR BREAKING A LABOR CONTRACT

SOLD INTO PEONAGE UPON A CHARGE OF VAGRANCY



literally hung the liberty of thousands of citizens, who were held in a condition of involuntary servitude and whom the courts were powerless to rescue.

sion should be reached in due time.

The case itself was this: Gordon and Ridley were two negroes who were said to have left the firm of Clyatt & Tift, engaged in the manufacture of turpentine in Georgia, in debt. From the testimony offered, these negroes had probably never worked for the firm, but were sought as workmen under this trumped-up charge. Clyatt, accompanied by two confederates, with guns and handcuffs, followed the negroes into

the state of Florida. Armed with bogus warrants, he came upon the fugitives at night. The deputy sheriff who served these warrants did not read them, "because he had left his spectacles at home"; the charge was stealing and gaming. These warrants were served upon the negroes; no return was made upon them. Naturally, the men protested, but guns were drawn upon them and they were handcuffed. In spite of protests, they were carried across Florida into Georgia, where they arrived at Clyatt's house at midnight. There was a pretended charge of an alleged debt; there was the bogus warrant; there was the trailing of these men as if they were

escaped criminals; there were the dramatic apprehension at night, the pleas for mercy, the threat of arms, the employment of chains and forcible abduction; there was the compelling of return to work out a debt, the imperious conscription into a condition of peonage; there was the violation of the Constitution and of that merciful section which forbids the hounding of men who have not been convicted of crime.

When the case was tried before the Federal Court in Georgia, the two principal witnesses were not present. Gordon and Ridley had disappeared. For a brief moment, they had figured in the most important case in modern times, and then, like moths which flit around a candle at midnight, they had passed into darkness, and they were never seen again. It is possible that this was only one experience of many of the kind in their lives. Ignorant, laughing one day and hunted the next, light-hearted when full of stomach and shrinking when empty, they fluttered into history, and then, unconscious of their importance, hid themselves, perhaps forever, in the swamps of sycamore and cane. But because of them, the Supreme Court affirmed the inviolability of the Thirteenth Amendment, and the constitutionality of those two sections of the Revised Statutes, both of which when welded together forbid



AN ALABAMA JUSTICE OF THE PEACE WHO TURNED STATE'S EVIDENCE
IN PEONAGE CASES AND FLED FOR HIS LIFE

the modern slavery in any form. Because of them, thousands of their race are this day freed. By a divine alchemy, their sufferings have been transmuted into a race joy.

As long as we tolerate in our cities policemen who are abettors of crime and share the burglar's loot—as long as we tolerate in our country legislators who sell their honor for a price—as long as we tolerate railroads that charge a preferred rate to a preferred customer—as long as we tolerate

United States senators who trade upon futures because of their connivance at legislation—as long as we tolerate rum-sellers to run our municipalities—as long as we tolerate justices of the peace whose living is made out of convictions—as long as we tolerate the slavery of our mines, of our railroads and many of our factories, so long will peonage be a probability in our body politic. In our over-population, in our excessive wealth and poverty, and in our unrestricted immigration, there comes a disregard for personality and anguish that must presage either a national decadence or a national purification. Peonage is only one of the many fruits of our confused industrial system. We have laws enough to prevent it. We need only an aroused public opinion and fearless officers to enforce these laws.



The Occultation of Florian Amidon

BY HERBERT QUICK

SYNOPSIS.—The opening instalments relate how Florian Amidon, banker in a small Western city, starts on a short journey in June, 1896, leaves the train at a junction and knows nothing more until he awakes in a sleeping-car approaching New York city, in February, 1901. He discovers that he has the clothes and other effects of a Eugene Brassfield, oil-dealer, of Bellevalle, Pennsylvania. To add to the dilemma, in Amidon's pockets are love-letters signed "Elizabeth Waldron." In New York two "occultists," Mme. Clara le Claire and her father, Professor Blatherwick, restore Amidon to the Brassfield consciousness and find out much about the oil-man. Amidon meets an old friend, Judge Blodgett, who goes to Bellevalle to make further investigations. Amidon follows, accompanied by the "occultists," and meets Elizabeth, to whom it appears Brassfield was engaged, at the station. He afterward calls on the girl, who is full of plans for her future home, but he manages to keep her in ignorance of the situation. Amidon discovers that Brassfield, while a prosperous and capable business man, is not one of the finest caliber. Although engaged, he is not above flirting with other women. This troubles Amidon, who is the soul of honor. But Brassfield is popular in the town and is a prominent member of a secret society—the Ancient Order of Christian Martyrs. Amidon's difficulties in taking up Brassfield's business may be imagined. He learns that certain corporations are planning to make the oil-man mayor in their own interests, and he repulses a man named Edgington who calls to see the supposed Brassfield about it.

XIV.—Continued



R. AMIDON was flushed after this encounter. Mr. Edgington's cool manner of approaching him with this questionable and shady political job had generated some heat in Florian—a man always possessed of strong convictions concerning civic purity. He was offended; yet he knew that it was to the turpitude of Brassfield that he owed this, rather than to any fault of Edgington's.

"How could such a fellow as Brassfield reap such success!" was Amidon's mental ejaculation. "Ready to rob the community, he enjoys the confidence of all; full of the propensities of a Don Juan, he wins the respect and love of Elizabeth Waldron! Shameful commentary upon society, and— Yes, Miss Strong, who is there? Judge Blodgett: send him right in. . . . Judge, I'm glad you came in. I'm very glad! I need your advice and aid."

"All right," said the judge, biting a cigar.

"What's up, Florian?"

"You've seen a Mr. Edgington?"

"Your lawyer," replied the judge. "The Notes tell all about him."

"Well," resumed Amidon, "he's been here, and I learn that there is some very important litigation pending, which we've got to win. Because it involves others—Miss Waldron and her aunt—and this man Brassfield never could give Edgington the evidence he needed in order to win."

"Why couldn't he?"

"Because," said Amidon, with the air of a man uttering something of the deepest significance, "it involves matters happening before June, 1896, and Brassfield was not in existence until the twenty-seventh of June! I've promised Edgington that you will get him the evidence he wants."

"What's the nub of the case?" asked the judge.

"A man claims I gave him some rights—or that Brassfield did—you understand?"

"I see."

"—in March, 1896."

"H'm!" exclaimed the judge, contemptuously. "March, eh? Why, we can subpoena the whole town of Hazelhurst, and show that you were at that time acting

as a pillar of society there, every day in that year, up to June twenty-seventh!"

"But, don't you see," said Amidon, "that proving this makes my whole story public?"

Judge Blodgett thoughtfully gazed in to space.

"Yes, it would appear so," said he, at last; "but is that necessarily so? You can testify that you were in Hazelhurst at that time, and legally, that's the same thing as saying that Brassfield was—I guess; and I'll swear to it, too; and if they aren't too searching on cross-examination, we may slide through—but there'll be some ticklish spots. I'll see Mr. Edgington, and find out just how strong a fabric of perjury we've got to go against. We may have to get more witnesses—and that'll be thin ice, too. I'll look in again this afternoon."

"Please do so," replied Mr. Amidon. "Look at these letters! Do you suppose your Notes would shed any light on what they're driving at?"

The judge looked them over.

"I don't remember anything in the Notes," said he, "resembling these matters. But you could take 'em up to the hotel, and Mme. le Claire could put you to sleep and talk it out of you in five minutes."

"I'll do it!" said Amidon. "I'll get Brassfield's views on them, confound him. I'll do this while you're with Edgington. Good-by until after luncheon."

Mme. le Claire was examining Mr. Brassfield with reference to the unanswered letters. Professor Blatherwick was engaged in taking down his answers. In a disastrous moment, Mr. Alderson knocked at the door, and following his knocking, delivered a breathless message to Brassfield that an important telegram demanded instant attention.

"All right," replied Mr. Brassfield, cheerily, "I'll toddle right down to the office with you, my boy. Excuse me, madame; you may rely upon my seeking a resumption of this pleasant interview at the earliest possible moment. Au revoir!"

Mme. le Claire was perplexed. Should she allow him to go out in this hypnotic state? Could she exercise her art in Alderson's presence? While she debated, Mr. Brassfield airily bowed himself out, and was gone!



Drawn by Orson Lowell

MEN ARE ABOVE GOSSIP

Bellevale is not so large a place that neighbor's affairs are not observed of neighbor. Prior to the elaboration of the law of thought-transference, there was no way of accounting for the universality of knowledge of other people's affairs which certain Bellevale circles enjoyed. The good gossiping housewives along the highways leading into the town are often able to tell the exact contents of the packages brought home by their neighbors, under the seats of their buggies and farm-wagons and late at night; but this is a phenomenon not at all unusual. Neither is it in the least strange that, in town or country, John and Sarah could not sit out an evening together in the parlor or settin'-room without all that occurred being talked over, with perfect certainty as to facts, in the next day's meeting of the Missionary Society or the Monday Club. But what Phyllis thought,

what were the plans of Thestylis, and how Jane felt when William jilted her, and why William did it—all of which were canvassed with equal certitude—are things the knowledge of which, as I said above, was not to be accounted for on any theory at all consistent with respect for the people possessing it, until thought-transference came into fashion. Now all is clear, and our debt to science is increased by another large item.

Mr. Brassfield and his affairs were as a city set upon a hill, and could not be hid. There was a maid in Elizabeth's home, and a maiden aunt who had confidential friends. A stenographer and bookkeepers were employed in the counting-room of the Brassfield Oil Company, and the stenographer had a friend in the milliner's shop, and an admirer who was a clerk in one of the banks. There were clubs and other

organizations, social, religious and literary; and the people in all of them had tongues wherewith to talk, and ears for hearing.

Hence:

At the meeting of the Society for Ethical Research, Mrs. Meyer read an essay on "What 'Parsifal' Has Taught Me," during the reading of which Mrs. Alvord described

she fully agreed with the many and deeply beautiful thoughts expressed in the paper.

"I'm sincerely glad 'Parsifal' taught her something!" said the fair M.D. to her companions, as she resumed her seat. Mrs. Meyer was the only woman in the town who had ever been to Bayreuth, she added short-windedly in explanation of her remarks, and had lobbied herself into a place on the program on the strength of that fact.

"Does Bess know," asked Miss Finch, "about this mesmerist person?"

"Oh, there isn't anything there," said Doctor Brown, "I feel sure. Though his inti—ah, friendship with this Le Claire woman is, just at this time, in bad taste. But all men are natural polygamists, you know."

"They say," said the voice of a member from across the room, "that it will be quite a palace—throw everything else in Bellevale into the shade—entirely so."

"They are all talking of it," said Mrs. Alvord. "Jim says it seems odd to have this Mr. Blodgett looking into the Brassfield business. But everything is odd, now—the hypnotist and Mr. Blodgett, and Daisy Scarlett; she's still here."

"O—o!" said Doctor Brown, in a sinuous barytone circumflex.

"Really," said Miss Finch, who wore her dress high about the neck, and whose form was a symphony in angles, "such promiscuous associations may be shocking, but as to surprise—who knows anything of his life before he came here?"

"Judge Blodgett," said Doctor Brown, "told a friend of mine that he had known Brassfield from infancy."

"The first light Bellevale has ever received on a dark past," said Miss Finch, "if it is light. And how strange he acts! Everybody notices it. Always so chatty and almost voluble before, and now—why, he's dreadfully boorish. You know how he treated you, Miss Brown!"

"Yes, and he knows how I treated him for it!" said Doctor Brown. "I propose to call people down when they act so with me!"

"Quite right," said Mrs. Alvord, "quite correct, doctor. Oh, what a change! And who has changed for the worse lately more than Bessie Waldron? Pale, silent and clearly unhappy. I can't attach any importance to that affair of the strange



Drawn by Orson Lowell

"KITE UNCONTROVERTIBLE," SAID THE PROFESSOR.
"YOU MUST MINKLE UP VIT MORE PEOPLE"

Miss Waldron's trousseau to Miss Finch and Dr. Julia Brown. Because of the conversation among these three, the president asked Doctor Brown, first of all, to discuss the paper. And Doctor Julia, who talked bass and had coquettish fluffy blond bangs and a greatly overtaxed corsage, said that



Drawn by Orson Lowell

"BOXES OF FLOWERS EVERY FEW MINUTES ARE ALL RIGHT IN THEIR WAY, BUT SOME THINGS REQUIRE PERSONAL ATTENTION."

woman with the striped hair; but that Miss Scarlett matter—that's quite different. Jim and I saw the beginning of that up in the mountains last summer. Daisy Scarlett is a queer girl, so wild and hoidenish—but the people who know her in Allentown just think the world of her, the same as do the people in Bellevalle—and her appearance here right after the announcement of the engagement means something. Poor Bess! Hush! There she comes. Oh, Bessie, it's so sweet of you to come, even if you are so late! Everybody has been saying such sweet things of you!"

"How kind of them!" said Elizabeth. "Has 'Parsifal' received any attention?"

Now, at this very moment the Mr. Brassfield whom they all knew was going forth with Alderson from the Blatherwick parlors; Florian Amidon was effaced, and Mme. le Claire was sitting in wide-eyed stress of anxiety at the thing she had done, and wondering how it would end.

XV

THE TURPITUDE OF BRASSFIELD

*Man to black Misfortune beckons
When upon himself he reckons,
Marshals Faith among his assets,
Blinks his nature's many facets.
This dull gem is an ascetic,*

*Bloodless, pulseless, apathetic:
Shift the light—a trifling matter—
Fra Anselmo turns a satyr!
—The Kaleidoscope.*

Airily Mr. Brassfield preceded his clerk down the stairway, and out upon the street. There, something in the air—the balm of advancing spring; a faint chill—the Parthian shot of retreating winter; some psychic apprehension of the rising sap; the slight northing of the sun; or some subconscious clutch at knowledge of minute alterations in the landscape—apprised Mr. Brassfield's strangely circumscribed mind of the maladjustment with time resulting from the reign of Amidon. But however bewildered Florian's mentality might become at such things, it was different with Brassfield. The plane of consciousness in which he had so long moved, with a memory running back five years and there ending in a blank wall of nescience, had made him cunning and shifty—necessarily so. The struggle for existence had had its inevitable effect—the faculty paralyzed had been compensated for by the development of others. So he was not at all at a loss now, when this little hiatus in time struck upon his mind in the form of a suspicion. He turned to Alderson with a smile.

"Do you remember what date this is, my boy?" he inquired.

Alderson named the date. Brassfield nodded, as if he were pleased to find Alderson correct in his exercises.

"Of course you know what we've arranged for to-day, don't you?" he went on.

"The deferred annual meeting of the Construction Company?" asked Alderson.

"If that's it, it's all attended to. I took the proxies to Mr. Smith yesterday."

"Good!" was Brassfield's hearty response. "You'll do for an animated 'office tickler' if you continue to improve. You used to forget all these things."

They had now come to a certain turning, down which Brassfield gazed, to a place where the highway was torn up and excavated. A center line of bowed backs, fringed by flying dirt, indicated that the work was still in progress.

"You may go on to the office," said Brassfield, "and I'll be up immediately. I'm going down to see Barney Conlon a moment."

He walked down among the men, nodding to the busy ones, and stopping for a handshake or a joke with others.

"Hello, Barney," he shouted to the man who seemed to be in charge. "How long are you going to keep people jumping sideways to prevent themselves from being buried alive! You old Fenian!"

Conlon looked at him for a moment with an air of distinct disfavor.

"Look out there!" he shouted to a teamster who was unloading pipe. "D'ye want to kill the min in the trench? Ah, is that you, Mr. Brassfield?"

"What's left of me," replied Brassfield, quickly sensitive to the coolness of the reception—the politician's sensitiveness to danger. "By the way, Conlon, can't you come up to the office soon? I've got some specifications I want you to see. Pipe line. Can you do that sort of work?"

"Do it!" gushed Conlon, thawing. "Do it! Ah, Mr. Brassfield, d'ye ask me thot, whin ye mind 'twas me thot done the Rogers job!"

"Oh, yes, I remember now, you did have that," said Brassfield. "Well, that was fairly well done. Come up and figure with me, and I believe we can make a deal."

"Thank ye kindly, Mr. Brassfield," said Conlon, all his obsequiousness returning. "Thank ye! Annything new in politics, Mr. Brassfield?"

"I don't know a thing," said Brassfield.

"I'm so busy with other things, you know——"

"It'll be a great honor," said Conlon, "or so I should take it, to be the mare of the city, an' master of the fine new house an' all that'll be in it, all this same spring!"

"Yes, Conlon, yes—but as to the office—I don't know about that."

"They can't bate you," asseverated Conlon.

"Oh, I don't know," demurred Brassfield. "You can't always tell."

"We're wid ye, to a man," asserted Conlon, growing warmer. "The common people are wid ye!"

"I'm glad to hear that," said Brassfield, "very glad. But business first; and this pipe line is business. Of course, if the people demand it——"

"They will!"

"—why, I may—— I'll see, Conlon. Anyhow, I appreciate your friendship. Come up and see me."

And the candidate for mayor walked away, wondering how he could have offended Conlon, and rejoiced that he had "fixed" him in time.

"Where's the telegram?" he asked, as he entered his private office. "Why, Stevens might have attended to this. Where's Mr. Stevens? Miss Strong, send Mr. Stevens in!"

"Mr. Stevens!" gasped Miss Strong. "Mr. Stevens—why——"

"Oh, I mean where does he live now? I heard he was moving. And by sending him in, I mean, if you happen to meet him," hastily amended Mr. Brassfield, noting some error. "I want to see him. And show me his account, please; and kindly ring for a boy to take this message."

The books showed the discharge of Mr. Stevens, and the closing of his account. Brassfield frowned over it, but resumed his smile at Miss Strong's reëntrance.

"Let's see," said he. "What have we for this afternoon? These unanswered—Why, Miss Strong, these must be attended to at once! Please take some letters for me."

He had dropped into his rut. For an hour or more Miss Strong's fingers flew as she noted down his dictation, and at the end of that time the letters were answered, and the communications which had so perplexed Amidon were filed away among other things done. The office force

breathed freely once more, with the freedom of returning efficiency in management.

The man who had brought this relief to his employees, now looked at his watch, rose, went out, and walking briskly down the main street, nodding to an acquaintance here, and speaking to another there, made his way out among the homes of the town.

Here his brisk walk gradually slowed down to a saunter. He was strolling toward the house with the white columns. Suddenly coming into view, as she turned a corner and walked on before him, appeared a young lady. Not much ability in the detective line would be necessary to the recognition of her by any of this girl's acquaintances, within any ordinary range of vision. If there were no certain revelation in the short, smartly attired, quick-moving figure, there could be no mistake concerning the vividly brilliant hair, which glowed under the saucily turned fabric of felt, feathers and velvet which crowned it, like a brilliant cloud-display over a red sunset. Mr. Brassfield seemed to recognize her, for he quickened his pace so as to overtake her before she could come to a gateway, into which her glance and movements indicated that she was about to turn. He walked up by her side, and manifested to her his presence by falling into step and lightly pinching her shapely elbow.

"How-de-do, Daisy-days!" said he, with the utmost assurance. "When did you bring the town the blessing of your presence?"

The lady gave a little scream.

"Gene Brassfield!" she ejaculated; and then, with a little quivering emphasis, "You! How you frightened me!"

"I know, I know!" replied Brassfield, peeping under the big hat into her eyes. "Almost scared to death, as is quite proper. But, to my question: how long, how long has been here?"

"Oh, several days—before you came back. Aunt wanted me to be here when her sister, my Aunt Hunter from Hazelhurst—that's up in Wisconsin—visits her. There's to be a reception. Of course you'll be there, and—"

"Of course," responded Brassfield. "Did I ever absent myself from any social affair in which your charming aunt, Mrs. Pumphrey, is interested? Nay, nay; but don't

dodge. Why this throw-down? Why didn't you let me know——"

"Gene," said the girl, "you can't deceive me. I'm ashamed that I wrote the note, and your telling a fib about getting it won't make it any better. But it was wicked of you not to answer. I only wanted you to come to me and—and talk it all over, and say good-by forever. It wasn't necessary to——"

"I have never received any note," said Brassfield, totally unconscious of the missive which Amidon had promptly waste-basketed. "What was it?"

"Really? Didn't you?" she queried, pouting her red lips most kissably. "A little note, unsigned, with some—some verses? No? Then I'll forgive you—for that. But—go on, 'Gene, up to the house yonder—go on!"

"You oughtn't to be permitted to run at large," said he, "with that hat, and those lips. I wonder if anyone's looking?"

"You mustn't talk that way," she said, "nor look at me like that! Go on, or I shall cry—or something quite as bad! Or, maybe you'll come in? Billy Cox is in there waiting for me, and watching, I dare say."

"Some other time," replied Brassfield, "I shall be delighted. But Miss Waldron has just been driven out into the street, and if she comes this way, I must exhibit myself to her, and maybe she'll pick me up. She's turning this way—Billy, eh? Happy Billy; nice boy, too, since he stopped drinking. By-by, Daisy-days!"

Elizabeth came driving down the road, and walking up it came Aaron, sable messenger of the anxious Mme. le Claire, who had enlisted Aaron in her service to bring Brassfield again within her magic realm. He reached the object of his search before the carriage passed, and delivered a note.

"Tell Mme. le Claire," said Brassfield, whose ideas with reference to that person must have been very hazy, "that such an invitation is a command. I'll be with her immediately."

He stood smiling, hat in hand, at the crossing, as Elizabeth drove by. She halted, and looked questioningly at him. This smile, this confident aspect—all these were so different from his recent bearing that she was surprised, and not more than half pleased. The element of assurance in his attitude toward the other girl was not

seen in his treatment of Elizabeth, to whom it would have been offensive. Perhaps the cunning of the consciously abnormal intellect was the cause of this; or it may have been some emanation of dignity from the woman herself acting upon a mind in a state chronically hypnotic. Be the cause what it may, to Elizabeth, with all his confidence and ardor, he was most deferential and correct in manners, and to her, these manners had undergone no change. Confidently, as if no shadow had ever come over their relations, he put his foot upon the step of the carriage.

"Won't you give me a lift," said he, "and put me down at my home?"

She made room for him with scarcely more than a word. "To the Bellevue House," said she to the coachman.

Brassfield looked at her, so grave, so distinguished, so coolly sweet, and forgot apparently that there was any one else in the world. He slipped his hand under the laprobe, and gave hers a gentle pressure.

"Dearest!" he half whispered, caring very little whether he was overheard or not.

She returned the caress by the slightest possible compression, and put her hand outside the robe. Whether the one action was incited by a desire to avoid complete unresponsiveness, and from a sense of duty only, the other left undecided. They rode on silently, and at the hotel he respectfully left her, with a promise that he would call at eight. Then he walked up the stairway, and straight to the parlor of Le Claire. In another half-hour, Mr. Amidon was back to his office eagerly scanning the work of the afternoon, and wondering where the president of the company had gone on his stroll.

At the club, of course, no such gossip as that uttered at the meeting of the Society for Ethical Research was heard. Men are above such things. To be sure, Alvord and Slater and Edgington and the rest of "the gang" did exchange views on some matters involving the welfare of the club—and in the course of duty.

"I tell you," said Slater, "Brass has been practicing that French doctrine about hunting for the woman—a little too industriously. They're getting to be something—something——"

"Fierce," suggested Alvord.

"Well, that isn't quite what I meant to

say," said Slater, "but pretty near. 'Terrible as an army with banners,' you know, and condemned near as numerous."

"It's changed Brassfield like a coat of paint, this engagement," said Edgington. "I saw something last week that showed me more than you could print in a book as big as the Annual Digest. You see, he went sort of gravitating down by where the sewer gang was at work, like a man in a strange country full of hostiles, and although he must have been conscious of the fact that he's slated for mayor in the spring, he never showed that he knew of the presence of a human being, to say nothing of a voter, in the whole gang, and Barney Conlon's gang, too. Why, he'd better have done anything than ignore 'em! He'd better a darn sight have stood and sung 'Drill, Ye Tarriers, Drill!' as a political move. Now that shows a revolution in his nature. It's uncanny, and it'll play the deuce with the slate if it goes on."

"Well, you all know what took place at his counting-room," asked Slater, "the day after he got back from New York? Old Stevens resigned, on the street the night before, and Brass didn't seem to know any more than to accept his resignation. Hired him back since, I've heard, but he ought not to have noticed it. He certainly has gone off badly."

"I knew a fellow once," said Edgington, "who went sort of crazy on the girl question—batty. D'ye s'pose this engagement——"

"They change to their lady friends," said Slater, "sometimes. But he—why, he passed me a dozen times with a cold stare!"

"Me, too," said Edgington, "and he didn't seem to know Flossie Smith when he met her, and Dr. Julia Brown gave him a calling-down on the street—a public lecture on etiquette. Colonel McCorkle claims to have been insulted by him, and won't serve any longer on the same committees with him in the Commercial Association. And he stays at the hotel all the time, and seems afraid to leave this old judge, and colloques with the German professor and the occultist—and, let me say, I've seen cripples in the hospital that were worse-looking than she is!—and what in thunder it means beats me."

"He wants the judge and the professor at our supper next week," added Slater.

"I've sent 'em invitations," said Alvord. "Anything to please the patient. I could tell you a good deal about this, fellows; but 'Gene and I are brothers and closer than brothers; and 'F. D. and B.' goes with me; but it won't hurt anything for you to know that he's got carloads of trouble, and you haven't any of you come within a mile of the mark. He told me all about it the night he got back from New York. I think it will blow over if things can be kept from blowing up instead, for a few days—slumbering volcano—woman scorned—hell's fury, you know; don't ask me any more. But this hiding out won't do."

"Well, I should think not," said Slater. "We've got to get him going about as usual or there'll be questions asked and publicity—those red-headed women are pretty vivacious conversationalists when they get mad, and you can't tell what may be pulled off, even if he acts as natural as life."

"This supper ought to help some," said Edgington.

"It will," said Alvord. "We must make it a hum-dinger. And we must see that he shows himself oftener at the club and lodge-meetings and hops. Why, it's shameful, the way we've let him drop out."

As was recently remarked, men are above gossip.

Now, at the hotel, conference after conference had taken place in the parlor of Professor Blatherwick, and Blodgett & Blatherwick's Notes had been studied out most assiduously. Judge Blodgett and Florian Amidon had spent their days at the counting-house, and an increased force of clerks worked ceaselessly in making up statements and balances showing the condition of the business. Amidon could now draw checks in the name of Brassfield with no more than a dim sense of committing forgery. The banks, however, refused to honor them at first, and the tellers noted the fact that after his return from New York Mr. Brassfield adopted a new style of signature, and wondered at it. Some noticed a change in all his handwriting, but in these days of the typewriter such a thing makes little difference. His abstention from bowling (to the playing of which Brassfield had been devoted), and his absolute failure at billiards, were discussed in sporting circles, and accounted for on the theory that he had "gone stale" since this love-affair had become the absorbing

business of his life. No one understood, however, his sudden interest in photography, and his marvelous skill in it. He seemed to be altogether a transformed man.

"I am beginning to see through this," said Amidon, referring to the business.

"Yes," said the judge, "this side of the affair is assuming a pretty satisfactory aspect. But your reputation is suffering by the sort of constraint you've been under. These things are important. A man's behavior is worth money to him. Many a man gets credit at the bank on the strength of the safe and conservative vices he practices. Business requires you to act more like Brassfield. A man who uses a good deal of money must be like other people who use a good deal of money. He mustn't have isms, and he mustn't be for any reforms except impractical ones, and he mustn't have the reputation of being 'queer.' Isn't that so, professor?"

"Kvite uncontrofertible," said the professor. "You must minkle up vit more beople."

"And in other matters besides business," said the judge. "Boxes of flowers every few minutes are all right in their way, but some things require personal attention."

Amidon blushed.

"You see," said he, "if every one were not so strange; if part of the people were as familiar to me as I am to them, it wouldn't be so trying. I suppose these receptions, and other functions to follow, I must attend alone. But you two are going to that banquet with me?"

"Oh, certainly," said the judge. "I want to see just what sort of a gang you've been forgoing with here. The folks at Hazelhurst—"

"Must never know, Judge! And you, professor?"

"I shall be more tan bleaced. Supliminally considered, I rekard it as te shance of a lifetime."

"Well," said Amidon, "you are very good, and I am glad that's settled. Now I want you to grant me another favor—or Clara, rather. I should be more than glad if she would ask Brassfield about some things that there's no need for you people to hear. It's nothing about the business. Won't you see if she will give me a—a—demonstration?"

The judge and the professor disappeared, and soon word came that Mme.

le Claire would give him audience. Amidon's heart beat stiflingly as he came into her presence. For this man's conscience was a most insubordinate conscience, and held as wrong the things felt and thought, as well as things said and done; and his remorse was as that of an abandoned but repentant jilt. But when he saw how cheerfully she smiled, he grew easier in his mind. The women always have such a matter fully under control—I mean the other party's mind.

"Well?" said she, interrogatively—"at last? I have been wondering what I was brought down here for?"

"It must have been very dull and lonesome——" he began.

"Oh, no!" she answered. "I am a business woman, you know, and I haven't been idle. And now, there is something you need, my friend? Let us begin at once."

There were definite repudiation of claims to tenderness, clear denial of resentment, in her tone. Amidon brightened and reddened. He stammered like a boy teased by reference to his first love-affair.

"You are wonderfully kind," he said. "I wanted to ask you to have this Brassfield tell you all he will about the wedding—the date, and everything you can get out of the fellow. And have him act as naturally as you can, so as to see more clearly how he carries himself. You see what I want, don't you?"

"I think so," she returned. "Conversation must be a little difficult, isn't it? You remembered some of the things I told you about?"

"Difficult?" he exclaimed. "Oh, Clara, it's impossible! It's so much so, that I hardly dare go back any more. I'm sending flowers and notes and doing the best I can; but it won't do: I must call oftener—must! And I'm afraid I have spoiled everything."

"Then you find the lady quite—quite endurable?"

"She's adorable," went on Florian, with the gush which comes at the first opportunity to discuss the dear one with a sympathetic third party. "She's perfectly exquisite! I have thought of nothing, dreamed of nothing, since I left her, except, except——"

"Ah!" said Clara, "the situation must

be perfectly lovely—for you—both—And I'm sure you got along nicely."

"No, no! I spoiled everything, I know I did. But bring this fellow up and ask him those things, please; and also about a Miss Scarlett—— No, leave that out. Just about the wedding, and about—I was going to ask about our house; but the judge found that out, where it is, and all. Just about the—things between her and me, a little more, you know!"

The hypnotic subject yields more and more readily to control by repeated surrender. So there was little of gazing into the particolored eyes now.

"You will soon sleep," said Mme. le Claire, in that dominating way of hers; "and when you wake you will be Eugene Brassfield just as he used to be, and the room and all the surroundings, and myself—all will seem familiar, and you will be quite at home with me. Sleep, sleep!"

Her hand swept down and closed his eyes, and he lay back in his chair entranced. Mme. le Claire sat long and looked at him yearningly. She smoothed back the hair from his brow with many soft touches, and stooped and softly kissed his forehead. Then she lightly tapped his wrist, and sharply said, "Wake!"

Eugene Brassfield opened his eyes with a smile. There was something still faintly suggestive of tenderness in the look with which Mme. le Claire regarded him, and he returned it with the air of a man to whom such looks are neither unusual nor repugnant.

"We were just talking," said she, with the air of reminding him of a topic from which he had wandered, "about your wedding. When is it to be?"

"The appointed date," said he, "is April the fifth; but, of course, I shall move for an earlier one if possible."

"I should think," remarked Mme. le Claire, "that the date fixed would give Miss Waldron all too short a time for preparation."

"From a woman's standpoint," said Mr. Brassfield, "it probably seems so. But you and I can surely find matters of more mutual interest to talk about, can't we?"

"Perhaps," said the girl, "but I don't think of anything just now. Do you?"

"Well, for one thing," said he, "I have just found out what makes your eyes so beautiful."

"Wouldn't it be just as well to cease discovering things of that kind? It's so short a time to the fifth of April, you know."

"I've made all my money," said Brassfield, "by never quitting discovering. I like it. And this last find especially."

"I think there are other lines of investigation," said she, "which demand your time and attention."

"Oh, pshaw!" said he. "Don't be so prudish. You know that your eyes are beautiful, and you are not really offended when I tell you so. Such eyes are the books in which I like to read—I can understand them better than Browning, or the old Persian soak. It's not unpleasant to get a volume you understand—at times."

"Why, Mr. Amidon—Brassfield, I mean—aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"A little," said he; "not much, though. And who is this 'Mr. Amman,' or whatever the name is, that is so much in mind that you call me by his name when you speak without thinking?"

"A dear friend of mine!"

"Well, now, if you should happen to see something agreeable in me, and should let me know about it, I shouldn't throw your Mr. Amden, or Amidon, at your head. Why not forget about the rest of the world for a while? We can be in only one place at a time, and so, really our whole world just now has only us two. You oughtn't to repel the only person in the wide, wide world, and you won't, will you, now?"

"Don't be foolish!"

"Don't be wasteful! This may be the only world of this kind we shall be allowed to have. Come over and sit by me and be nice to me, won't you?"

"I certainly shall do nothing of the kind!"

"No? Ah, how wasteful of opportunity! Well, then, I shall have to come to you!"

Oh, the depravity of society in these days, and oh, the unpleasantness of setting these things down! But, on the other hand, what a comfort it is to think that men as base as Brassfield are so rare that

you and I, my boy, have probably never met a specimen. And if you ever find, my love, that any person in whom you have any tender interest has ever behaved in a way similar to the conduct of Brassfield, you should give the prisoner the benefit of every doubt, and accord full weight to the precedent contained in this history, and to the fact that it was Brassfield and not Amidon who did thus. A man cannot be blamed for lapsing into the Brassfield state. A man should be acquitted—eh? Defending some one? Why, certainly not! And how long this paragraph is growing! Yes, I feel sure Clara Blatherwick repulsed these advances as she should, and that Brassfield, being fully under "control," did not—why, of course not, as you say!

But I am going no further with the matter now; except to say that in something like an hour Mr. Amidon departed much perturbed by the prospect of the nearness of his happiness, fully convinced of his unworthiness, and quakingly uncertain as to many things, but most of all, just then, as to his clothes!

"This man Brassfield," said he to himself, "seems to have been a good deal of a dude, and Elizabeth—the darling!—will expect me to be fully up to vogue in this regard—as she will be in all things. And I don't believe a thing has been done about clothes."

Meantime, Mme. le Claire walked up and down in a locked chamber, struggling with her grief.

"Oh, it is hopeless, hopeless!" said the poor girl to herself, over and over again. "Florian, my darling Florian, whom I found blind and wandering in the wilderness, and took him by the hand and guided him to the light—Florian has gone from me! She has taken him, just as she took him before. But the man she thinks loves her—her Eugene—I'm sure he's coming to love me; and to be tired of her! And I could keep him Brassfield, if I chose—if I chose! I wonder—I wonder if it would be wrong? What would she do if she had my power? Twice I had to try, before I could restore him.—I could! I could!"

[To be continued]

Diversions of an Idler

BY AMBROSE BIERCE

*Extracts from the Best-Selling Novels
of This Afternoon*



LADYS climbed to the summit of the rock and, adjusting her skirts, plunged into the gloomiest forebodings.

"Why," she said in French, "should the future look so dark to one possessing all that fortune can donate?"

She added a considerable number of profound reflections on the vanity of life, ending with a brilliant epigram. It had scarcely died upon her lips when Armitage arrived upon the tapis and took in the situation at a glance. Pacing hastily forward, he bowed gracefully and signified a desire to know the cause of her abstraction. She burst into tears and complied with his wish. Then she flung herself about his neck and accorded full expression to her grief, which he delicately professed not to observe; for this noble figure had been educated in the best schools of European gentility.

No sooner had Cæsar crossed the Rubicon than all Rome was ablaze with excitement and terror. Horatius, who all by himself had held the bridge until outnumbered, retreated to the Tiber, where he was joined by the new levies, imperfectly armed and equipped, and some of the Pretorian Guard. There, behind such defenses as they could improvise, they swore to resist until all were dead. Sacrifices were offered to the gods, and the augurs, removing the hearts of the victims, consulted the auricles. The answers were, as usual, ambiguous, and were interpreted variously.

Meantime Cæsar's leading legion, with Scipio Africanus marching proudly at its head, came into view beyond the Tarpeian Rock—the same from which the unhappy Sappho, one of the most prominent poets of her time, had cast herself—and advanced without delay in a shower of catapults.

Precisely what occurred during the next

half-hour we are without the data to state with confidence: all the historical novels of the three or four centuries immediately following were destroyed in the accident at Pompeii; but at three o'clock in the afternoon of that fateful day Brutus lay dead upon the field of honor and the beaten forces of Horatius were in tumultuous retreat along the Claudian aqueduct. Then Cleopatra came forth from her place of concealment, resolved to throw herself at the feet of her conquering lover and intercede for the doomed city.

Mrs. Rorqual deposited her embroidery on the sofa by her side and, slightly changing color, said, "No, my ideals are not unchangeable; they have undergone memorable alteration within the last hour."

"Let us hope," said Ballena, uncrossing his hands, and putting one forefinger into a buttonhole of his coat, "that they are still high."

She resumed her embroidery and, looking at a painting of the martyrdom of St. Denis over the mantel, replied, "Would it matter?"

"Surely," said he, lightly beating the carpet with the heel of his well-fitting shoe; "for ideals are more than thoughts. I sometimes think they are things—that we are *their* thoughts."

She did not immediately reply. A curtain at an open window moved audibly. A sunbeam crept through the lattice of the piazza outside and fell upon the window-ledge. The fly previously mentioned now walked indolently along the top of the Japanese screen, then fearlessly descended the face of it to within an inch of the mouth of a painted frog. Ballena, with a lifting of his eyebrows, maintained a determined silence.

"I should think that an uncomfortable creed," she said at last, withdrawing the tip of her shoe, which had been visible beneath the edge of her gown, and shifting her gaze from St. Denis to one of the

crystal ornaments of the candelabrum pendent from the ceiling.

He passed the fingers of his right hand through his hair, slightly shifted his position on his chair and said: "Mrs. Rorqual, I have to thank you for a most agreeable hour. Shall I see you on the golf-links to-morrow?"

So they parted, but when he was gone she toyed thoughtfully with a spray of heliotrope growing in a jardinière and then ran her forefinger along a part of the pattern of the wall-paper.

Under the harvest moon, now at its best, the corpse of Ronald showed ghastly-white, the frost sparkling in its beard and hair. Clementine's consciousness of its impudricity was without a flaw. Had she ever really experienced an uncommon, an exceptional tenderness for an object boasting so little charm? She was hardly able to take that view of the matter. All seemed unreal, indistinct and charged with dubiety. A sudden rustling in the circumjacent vegetation startled her from her reverie, suggesting considerations of personal safety. Surveying the body for the last time, she impelled the stiletto into a contiguous tarn and left the scene with measured tread.

Imaginary Conversations

CANDID PUBLISHER.—Sir, I am proud to meet you. Your book is admirable; it is exquisitely touching and beautiful.

REASONABLE AUTHOR.—Your commendation is most pleasing to me. I was at no time in doubt of your favorable action in the matter.

C. P.—You did not hear me out. Publication of a book entails a considerable expense.

R. A.—Naturally.

C. P.—It does not always come back.

R. A.—I have been so informed. Publishers sometimes accept work that is very bad literature.

C. P.—Yes, we try to.

R. A.—Try to! You cannot mean that you prefer such work?

C. P.—We must publish what will sell. Do you read the most popular books of the year—the "best-selling" novels?—nearly all are novels.

R. A.—God forbid; I look at them.

C. P.—Do you ever find *one* that has any literary merit?

R. A.—Certainly not. I did not expect my book to be popular, but hoped that it might have a steady and perhaps increasing sale and eventually become famous. You sometimes publish new editions of the great works in our language—"the English classics." Do you lose money on them?

C. P.—Not usually. They have had the advantage of generations of advertising by scholars and by critics whose words had weight in their time and have in ours. If your excellent book finds a publisher pretty soon and is kept going until the year 2105, we shall be glad to put it on our list. You see it is very simple: you have only to conform to the conditions of success.

R. A.—I see. But are these the only conditions? Some great work succeeds in its author's time—that of Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, Carlyle, and so forth, in England; and in America that of—'m, er, huh.

C. P.—Is it surely great work? The ink is hardly dry. The literary fashions determining its form and substance are still with us. Posterity will have to pass judgment upon it, which posterity will indubitably do without reference to our view of the matter. Then, if we happen to be in wireless communication with this vale of tears, we shall know if these noted authors were mining the great mother-lode of human interest, or, occasionally touching some of its dips, spurs and angles, taking out barren rock. It looks to us like rich enough ore, but it is a long journey to where there is an assaying-plant capable of dealing with that particular product. When it is "heard from" we shall not be here. Those who mined it are gone already.

R. A.—Then there can be no valuable contemporary criticism?

C. P.—None that any one can know to be valuable.

R. A.—And no man can live long enough to know if he is a good writer?

C. P.—The trade of writing has that disadvantage.

R. A.—We are getting a long way from business. Am I to understand that you reject my book because, as you say, "it is exquisitely touching and beautiful"?

C. P.—You outline the painful situation with accuracy.

R. A.—Well, I'll be damned!

C. P.—Sure—if you find a sentimentalist who publishes your book. He will do the damning.

EDITOR.—Glad to see you, sir. Take a chair.

VISITOR.—I am the proprietor of *The Prosperous Monthly*.

ED.—Take two chairs.

VIS.—I called to congratulate you on the extraordinary success of *The Waste Basket*. I should not have thought it possible for you to break into our field and play this game as well as we. And with so fantastic a title!

ED.—For my success I am greatly indebted to yourself.

VIS.—Not if I know it: we have fought you, tooth and nail.

ED.—Oh, that is all right; if it had been expedient, we should have fought back. Our prosperity depended on yours.

VIS.—Heaven has withheld from me the intelligence to understand.

ED.—Have any of the contents of this magazine ever seemed familiar to you?

VIS.—I am not much of a reader; my editor has fancied that some of your articles lacked originality, but has confessed that he could not quite identify their authors.

ED.—Just so; I accept nothing for this magazine that has not been first submitted to yours. If it has not been when offered, I require that to be done.

VIS.—That is monstrous nice of you. Such knightly courtesy to a senior competitor is most unusual. I thank you—come and dine with me to-morrow at seven (*handing card*).

ED.—With pleasure. Good day.

VIS.—Good day. (*Exit Visitor.*)

ED. (*solus*).—If he thinks it out, I shall miss a dinner.

Some Negligible Epigrams

When into the house of the heart Curiosity is admitted as the guest of Love, she turns her host out of doors.

Happiness has not to all the same name: to Youth she is known as the Future; Age knows her as the Dream.

"Who art thou, there in the mire?"

"Intuition. I leaped all the way from

where thou standest in fear on the brink of the bog."

"A great feat, madam; accept the admiration of Reason, sometimes known as Dryfoot."

In eradicating an evil, it makes a difference whether it is uprooted or rooted up. The difference is in the reformer.

The man who is always taking you by the hand is the same who if you were hungry would take you by the café.

A petty hatred finds expression in revenge; the really malignant enemy leaves your punishment to time.

The Audible Sisterhood rightly affirms the equality of the sexes: no man is so base but some woman is base enough to love him.

Having no eyes in the back of the head, we see ourselves on the verge of the outlook. Only he who has accomplished the notable feat of turning around knows himself the central figure in the universe.

Truth is so good a thing that falsehood cannot afford to be without it: the most prosperous lie is the one most nearly true.

Self-denial is the indulgence of a propensity to forego.

"Where goest thou, Ignorance?"

"To fortify the mind of a maiden against a peril."

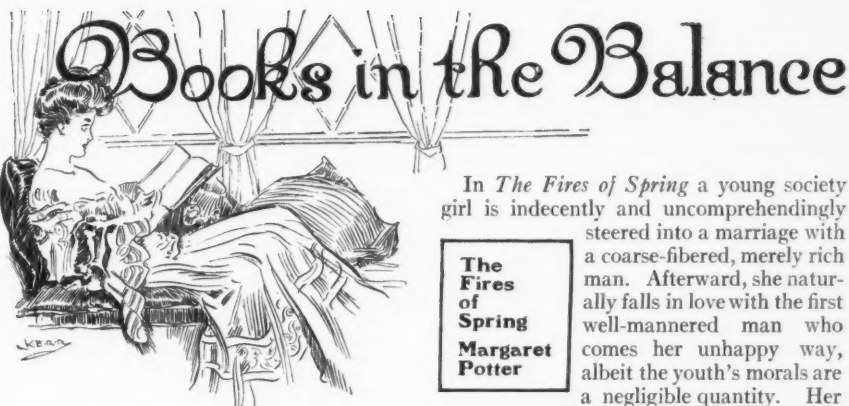
"I am going thy way. My name is Knowledge."

"Scoundrel! Thou art the peril."

If public opinion were determined by a throw of the dice, it would in the long run be half the time right.

The gambling known as business looks with austere disfavor upon the business known as gambling.

Of one who was "foolish" the creators of our language said that he was "found." That we have not definitely reversed the meanings of the words should be set down to the credit of our courtesy.



BY CATHERINE MARKHAM

"The critic is more than the censor. In his higher and happier aspects he appears before us as the discoverer and vindicator and eulogist of excellence."



AMLIN GARLAND'S books have "bounce." Something is doing in them. In *The Tyranny of the Dark* the action swings from a Colorado mining-camp to fashionable New York. The book is a study of the debatable borderland of the spirit-world, the world whose adumbrations and reverberations were mocked at by Browning in "Mr. Sludge, the Medium." Mr. Garland finds an impressionable young girl under the sway of "guides" passed on to the "spirit plain." In the experiences of this girl, destined by her control to be the annunciator of the open gate between life

and death, and in the discussions hinging upon her spectacular career, we come upon strange matters, gruesome as those of Doctor Funk's *Widow's Mite*. And we waver with the onlookers as to the amount of "fake" versus spirit force that pervades the happenings. At times, the story is shiveringly lifelike, as in the test scene before the scoffing scientists and the anxious lover; and the chapter upon old Pratt's loss of his family is as throatlingly realistic as a passage from any of the big Russians.

**The
Tyranny
of the
Dark
Hamlin
Garland**

In *The Fires of Spring* a young society girl is indecently and uncomprehendingly steered into a marriage with a coarse-fibered, merely rich man. Afterward, she naturally falls in love with the first well-mannered man who comes her unhappy way, albeit the youth's morals are a negligible quantity. Her husband, finding out her infidelity, refuses her a divorce, carefully arranges for the lover to be run over by a train, and banishes the weeping wife to a distant farm to repent. He meantime calls in, as mistress of his desecrated home, a woman with whom he has long had an irregular "affair," which proceeding the author is severe enough to characterize as "foolish." In due time the erring wife comes home with her peccavi; the blondined lady is "clapped out," and all is pronounced well, while the reader opens the windows and washes his hands.

**The
Fires
of
Spring
Margaret
Potter**

After the mixed tabasco and treacle of some of the problem novels that the reviewer is forced to taste, it is refreshing to pick up a simple, plainly seasoned, savory book like Adelaide Rouse's *Letters of Theodora*. Theodora, writing to friends, tells of fighting her own heart, and an insistent old-time lover, while she is pursuing what she counts a higher happiness—the making of a name for herself in literature.

Miss Rouse, as we learned in her *Under My Own Roof*, gets her people on paper very convincingly, and has a trick of making her women-folk charmingly feminine and lovable. Theodora, whose pen races on through the *Letters*, scintillates wit and common sense, pokes fun at herself and her friends, speaks quaint and unique observations on life, and seems very companionable and rememberable.

Incidentally, through the vicissitudes of

**The
Letters
of
Theodora
Adelaide
Rouse**

Theodora and her literary comrades, the book presents an up-to-date commentary upon "succeeding" in literature in a big city. The aspiration, the struggle, the beating back and the rising up again, of an inexperienced girl without friends, with no special genius or message, these are all set forth with pleasant art.

In *Benigna Vena* Michael Monahan offers a sheaf of essays gathered from the

**Benigna
Vena**
**Michael
Monahan**

pages of his *bibelot* magazine *The Papyrus*. The point of departure is generally a literary one. Heine, Lamb, Claude Tellier, Father Prout, Poe—so he ranges, opening unexpected side-doors into the hearts of the men and women he leads us to. And we are instructed by both the assessor and the assessed, for Mr. Monahan evidences a strong, fresh personality, looking upon life after no other man's formula. He writes, too, with a touch of the classic superimposed upon the "Celtic magic" which is the dower of his blood, and thus attains a style with an easy grace like that of his beloved Father Prout.

In Walter Pater's chaste, cold diction we get the feeling of delicate dim mosaic;

**Painted
Shadows**
**Richard
Le Gallienne**

but in Richard Le Gallienne's style we get the not less lovely effect of the careless care of shifting color and moving form of leaf and flower and bird shadow, passing above still, sunlit, woodsy pools. And this is a manner of expression fitted exquisitely to give Le Gallienne's frequent mood of noting how unfathomable, how far-wandering, are the illimitable waters upon which ventures forth the fragile fugitive shell of life. *Painted Shadows* is the name that Mr. Le Gallienne gives to a handful of little stories reflecting changeful lights and shades of existence. Although mostly in careless vein, yet there sounds often the poignant memory, the foreboding question, of one who knows that life at the root of things is serious, of one who catches measure of the imperious currents below the flash of the irised foam.

By and by, when everybody admits that Le Gallienne is a classic, and his first editions balance in the scales with big

bulging purses, New Yorkers will appreciate the work he is doing for their city in word pastels and etchings. Here is a bit that celebrates Manhattan as Ruskin a corner in Florence: "He would spend whole days on ferry-boats just to look at that wonderful sky-line of office-buildings, resolutely, even sternly insisting—without one thought of beauty—and yet so terribly beautiful with the terrible beauty of power."

Horace Traubel in *Chants Communal* puts out a very distinctive volume. No-

**Chants
Communal**
**Horace
Traubel**

body else writes like Traubel—perhaps nobody else wants to. He carries the staccato to its last stretch, and one feels the swish of his flying clauses like the flecking of a whip: "I do not know the next turn of the road. But I know we are near by. And I know that when we make the turn we will see the light. And I intend to keep in the pilgrim crowd." One might think that there could be no chance for beauty in this stiff structure continued throughout an entire book. But Mr. Traubel achieves a beauty like that of the field of grass with its stiff, crowded blades—a final effect of unity and mass. His marshaled clauses sway as one rhythmic field of green or gold before the breath of his vehemence, and like the insistence and free-to-all-ness of the grass is his love for all men, his desire to bring them hope and healing. His very titles are suggestive. Note the elbow-touch: "The Boy Comes Along"; "What Is All the Noise About?" "Do You Not See, Dear Brother?"

In *The Younger American Poets* Miss Rittenhouse marshals nearly a score of

**The
Younger
American
Poets**
**Ritten-
house**

poets, born since 1850, giving their place and pedigree and portions of their work. The book is unique in bringing together and setting off against one another poets from widely different corners of these states. It will find welcome with all lovers of noble literature, for Miss Rittenhouse generally bears the witch-hazel that assures the living waters of poesy wherever she points.



WILLIAM THE SILENT, PRINCE OF ORANGE

Great Sieges of History

The Sacking of Haarlem

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

MOST terrible of all human conflicts have been the wars of religion. The most shocking and disgraceful atrocities are those which have been perpetrated under the sanction of religious bigotry. The sword, the ax, the fagot and the Cross have been the favorite instruments of evangelization. It is to be feared that Mohammed learned his ferocious propaganda of the sword from the practices, if not the precepts, of the Christians. Whenever the men of the past entertained their religious convictions with a sincerity and a power which rendered them vital, they did not hesitate to persecute those who differed from them with a cruelty which almost passes belief.

"Kill them all," said a fierce prelate of the Middle Ages to an inquiring soldier who sought to know before the sack of a town how he was to distinguish the followers of the true faith from others in the city.

"Kill them all. God will know which are His own." Nor can any one group of religionists arrogate to itself freedom from the reproach of cruelty and persecution. Did not Calvin burn Servetus? And the bulk of persecution has been done by one phase of religious belief perhaps only because it was in a position of authority and had the power.

At any rate, the pages of history, ancient and modern, may be searched in vain for parallels to the sieges that took place in the Netherlands when William of Orange—undoubtedly, save Washington, the greatest patriot the world has ever known—was battling for civil and religious liberty between the narrow seas against Philip II.; who, as a bigoted and cruel persecutor, is not unworthy of being placed in the same class with Nero and Diocletian; and of whose peculiar mental bent and desire the bloodthirsty, cruel, rapacious, ineffable Alva was so worthy a representative.

One of the most ironical antitheses on

record is exhibited in the picture of Alva, after he withdrew from his eternal infamies in the Netherlands, old, feeble, broken in health and only able to protect expiring life by reverting to the necessities of childhood and drawing his sustenance from a woman's breast—this blood-drinker returned to the mother-milk again!

It was the stout resistance of the burghers in the Dutch towns of North Holland when Alva had swept everything before him to the southward that gave William a respite and enabled him to rally his scattered people, to repair his shattered fortunes and maintain his holy cause. It was the courage, the example of the men of Haarlem no less than the story of the treatment of the captured everywhere by the Spanish, that fired every Dutch heart with a determination to give their land to the sea and their lives to their Maker rather than yield either to Alva and his bloodhounds. We call Sir Henry Morgan and his buccaneers a band of human tigers—words are lacking to describe the generals and the armies of Philip II.

In 1572 Alva had practically crushed out the rebellion and had driven Prince William and his scattered adherents into North Holland. The important cities of the country were in the duke's hands, and he fancied that it would be easy to complete the conquest of the Low Countries. Don Frederick de Toledo, his son, accomplished soldier who was quite of his father's mind when it came to dealing with conquered peoples, was sent with a splendid army of thirty thousand men, including fifteen hundred cavalry and a large artillery-train, to capture Haarlem, which it was believed could be taken by assault without much difficulty.

During the year, to mention but three instances, the Dutch had received ample demonstration of what the Spanish purposed to do with captured cities. Mechlin had been deliberately given over to a three days' sack, one for the benefit of the Spanish and the other two for the mercenaries from Germany and Italy who made up a large part of Alva's army. In this sack Protestants and Catholics alike suffered. An inflamed and ferocious soldiery, with wine and plunder and women before them, were no respecters of persons or religions. The loyal Catholic clergy in vain joined with the Protestants in imploring that the

sack might be abandoned and the soldiers restrained. The story of those dreadful days in Mechlin must be imagined; it cannot be described. Nothing that lust or greed or pitiless cruelty could suggest is wanting to the hideous details.

If possible, the subsequent sack of Zutphen, which had only offered a nominal resistance before opening its gates, was even more appalling. It was a replica of that of Mechlin with some new features added. Alva sent orders to his son to leave not a single man alive. The soldiers got tired of slaughter—it took up too much of their valuable time, which they wanted to devote to plundering and other things—and finally they drowned the people, to the number of five hundred, in couples tied back to back, in the waters of the river Yssel.

Each sack presented some new deed of diabolism. Naarden was a small and not very important place. It foolishly—since it was entirely indefensible—made a show of resistance before it surrendered. Yield it did, however, but on the terms of good quarter. Don Frederick solemnly agreed that the lives of the inhabitants should be spared and their property respected. On some specious pretext of meeting and conference, he got the principal men of the town into the church and then deliberately opened the doors and swept the sacred edifice with a storm of bullets from his musketeers. That was only a beginning of the carnage. If it were possible, the fate of Naarden was worse than that of the other places—but comparisons are impossible. The one under latest observation is always the worst. This is what nerved the burghers of Haarlem to such a resistance as is not often told in song or story. Even if they surrendered on terms, they had no assurance whatever that the terms would be respected. On the contrary—and as is always the result in the case of brave men—the Spanish conduct kindled such a flame of desperate resistance in the land as turned the commonest peasant into a hero. In Motley's fine phrase, "The liberty of the Netherlands had been hunted to its lair." Like a tiger at bay, it was the more dangerous and terrible therefore.

Haarlem stood on a narrow neck of land between the German Ocean and the Zuyder Zee, about five miles from water to water. It was one of the largest and most



KENAU HASSILAER, WHO COMMANDED THREE HUNDRED ARMED WOMEN AT THE DEFENSE OF HAARLEM

important cities of the Netherlands, although badly protected by an ancient and crumbling wall, and contained a small garrison of four thousand men commanded by a heroic captain named Ripperda. Some of the burgomasters thought to treat with Alva for the surrender of the city. Secretly they sent three of their number to his camp. The citizens refused to countenance the negotiations, and when two of the messengers came back with proposals they tried them, sentenced them, and put them to death for treason. The third magistrate was prudent enough to remain in the Spanish camp. Later on, he sent a messenger into Haarlem, who was immediately executed.

Ripperda pointed out that practically the last hope for freedom lay in the men who manned the walls. Under his leadership they swore to die rather than yield. It was winter. The lake extending to Amsterdam was covered with ice. The season was one of mist and snow, and so long as the ice held and the winter lasted they could receive provisions and supplies in spite of the Spanish. When the thaws of spring were succeeded by the heats of summer, they hoped to be relieved by Prince William, than whom few monarchs have ever been more beloved by subjects.

The garrison was divided into one thousand pioneers and miners, three thousand

fighting-men, and three hundred women, armed with muskets, swords and daggers, under the command of Kenau Hassilaer, a respectable widow of forty-seven! These women took regular turns with the men in all the fighting and patrolling and other duties of the soldiers. The burghers, to a man, enrolled themselves for the defense; the old men, other women, and even the children, did what they could. During the middle of December, William, who had acted with surprising energy, considering his unfortunate circumstances and lack of resources, made his first effort at relief by an expedition under De la Marck. The hasty Dutch levies were no match in the open for the disciplined Spanish and Germans, and the attempt was a costly and disastrous failure.

One thousand of De la Marck's men were killed and a large number taken captive. These prisoners were executed in various atrocious ways on gibbets erected in front of the city walls. Colonel Van Trier, a gallant officer, whose enlargement his captain would fain have purchased for two thousand crowns and nineteen Spanish prisoners, was hanged by the leg and left until he died. There had been sorties from the walls and there were Spanish prisoners within the town. Reprisals in kind were immediately undertaken by the burgomasters on answering gibbets on the walls.



DON FERDINAND DE TOLEDO, DUKE OF ALVA,
THE SCOURGE OF THE NETHERLANDS

Upon the 18th, 19th and 20th of December, the curtain between the Cross Gate and St. John's Gate was battered to pieces by the cannonading. Amid constant fighting, the breaches were partially filled up by the townspeople with bags of sand, blocks of stone, and even the graven images of the saints torn from the niches and walls of the churches, the women doing much of the work while the men fought on.

Julian Romero, one of the most famous of the minor captains of his time, led the assault on the breach. The contest was long and doubtful. Victory, however, finally leaned to the defenders. In addition to their usual weapons they had made use of stones, boiling oil, live coals, and hoops covered with inflammable material, which they threw over the heads of the Spanish soldiers. Some four hundred dead Spanish soldiers helped the stone effigies of the saints to fill up the gaps in the walls. Haarlem evidently was not to be taken by assault. Even the confident Toledo realized that, and he gave orders for undermining the ravelin which covered an assailable point near the Cross Gate.

Meanwhile Baron Battenburg was dispatched by William with two thousand men accompanied by a small train of artillery and conveying a number of

wagons to make a second attempt to relieve the town. Battenburg reached the vicinity of the place and got lost in the heavy mist. The Spanish learned of his position, fell upon him in overwhelming force, and put him to complete rout, with a loss of over half his strength. The guns and provisions were taken and only a few wounded men reached the city. The Spanish cut off the head of Colonel de Koning, Battenburg's second, and threw it into the city with the following note tied to it:

"This is the head of Captain de Koning, who was on his way with reinforcements for the good city of Haarlem."

In exchange for this grim courtesy, the burgomasters cut off the heads of eleven Spanish prisoners, barreled them up and threw them into the Spanish camp with this label:

"Deliver these ten heads to the Duke of Alba in payment of his tenpenny tax, with one additional head for interest."

As the fighting was constant, there was always an available supply of prisoners for the interchange of such ghastly and horrible jests. Mining and countermining went on all the time. Sometimes the two parties broke through, and subterranean battles ensued in the grimy darkness of the mines.

On the 28th of January the prince succeeded in throwing into the city four hundred veteran soldiers and a small supply of bread and powder. Realizing that the ravelin before the Cross Gate could no longer be held, the citizens had constructed within the walls a half-moon of solid masonry to take its place when it was destroyed. Mines had been exploded and the ravelin was a ruin. On the 31st of January, Don Frederick ordered an assault at midnight. The attack was a surprise. There were but a handful of citizens on the wall at the time. They made a stout and determined resistance, however, and gave time to those who had been summoned by the tocsin to rally. The fighting was more desperate than in the previous assault. To distract attention, a general attack all along the line was ordered, and as day broke the Spanish surmounted the breach and entered, as they supposed, the city. What was their astonishment at the sight of the half-moon bristling with cannon! Those who entered the place were greeted with a dreadful fire.

It was more than flesh and blood could stand. They turned and fled, and as they did so the Dutch sprang their countermines. The ravelin flew up, with all who had entered it. The other attacks were more easily repulsed.

The city positively could not be taken by assault. The Spanish became discouraged, and Don Frederick, conceiving that enough had been done for Spanish honor and that the game was hardly worth the candle, asked his father for permission to withdraw.

"Tell Don Frederick," said Alva, "that if he be not decided to continue the siege until the town be taken, I shall no longer consider him my son, whatever my opinion may formerly have been. Should he fall in the siege I will myself take the field to maintain it, and when we shall both perish, the duchess, my wife, shall come from Spain to do the same." Such was the fierce determination of the implacable Spaniard. Pity it could not have been exerted for a better cause in a nobler way!

In some manner the burghers learned of the message. As their reply, a bold thousand of them sallied forth in the night and fell upon the Spanish camp, burning three hundred tents, capturing seven cannon, a number of wagon-loads of provisions, and killing eight hundred Spaniards with a loss of only four killed themselves. They erected a mound in the shape of a grave on the wall, with some of their capture, and labeled it, "Haarlem is the grave of the Spaniard." Don Frederick wrote to his father after that sortie, "These citizens do as well as the finest soldiers in the world." I should think so!

When the ice broke in the lake, the situation immediately altered. The Spanish surrounded the town and there was no longer any way by which supplies could be dribbled into the city. The condition of the doomed town rapidly approached near to the starvation-point. Both the prince and the Spanish assembled a fleet to secure command of the lake. The Hollanders had one hundred and fifty small vessels, the Spanish one hundred large ones. Although the odds against them were almost prohibitive, the Dutch under Malcolm Brand, with brave Battenburg commanding the soldiers, attacked the Spanish under Count Bossu on the 28th of May, 1573. After a terrible struggle, they were decisively beaten. The Spanish re-



DON FREDERICK DE TOLEDO, SON OF THE DUKE OF ALVA, AND COMMANDER OF THE SPANISH ARMY BEFORE HAARLEM

mained in command of the lake and practically the last hope of the town disappeared.

The inhabitants had been placed on shortest rations: a pound of flour, or its equivalent, a day for each man, half a pound for each woman. The Spanish, constantly reënforced, gave them no rest. It was fight, fight, fight, day after day, night after night. The bombardment was continuous, and terrific in its effect. The starving defenders ate every living thing, even the most unclean animals, within the place. They ate grass from the graveyards like oxen; they gnawed the leather of their shoes. Men, women and children dropped dead in the streets and lay where they fell. Gaunt, haggard, despairful watchers on the walls stared across the lake or far over the level country to the northward for the relief that did not come. They wrote in blood to the prince stating that they could no longer hold the town. At the same time, with splendid but foolish bravado, they threw the last of their loaves of bread—when every crumb almost meant a human life—into the Spanish camp to show them they were not in want.

William, in despair, raised a force of six thousand men, volunteer citizens, not soldiers, imperfectly armed, badly officered, for a forlorn hope to relieve the town.

He put himself at their head, nobly resolved to die, sword in hand, if he could not save his beloved people. That life, so precious to Holland, was not to be risked on such a desperate chance; the citizens laid violent hands upon him and restrained him by force. They refused to march if he did not remain behind. He committed the leadership to Battenburg. The best people in the land volunteered, among them Olden Barneveltdt.

The Spanish, perfectly served by their spies, surrounded Battenburg and his brave volunteers. The captain was killed, some two thousand of the citizens slaughtered, and the last attempt had failed. Haarlem was left to its fate. The garrison at first proposed to leave the women and children and make the attempt to cut their way through the Spanish camp. This determination produced such misery in the hearts of the helpless that they came to a second resolution to place the women, children and old men in a body, to surround them with those who could yet bear arms, and then march out in despair to conquer or fall together.

They would have carried out this terrible project, after giving the town to flames, but Don Frederick stayed them. He promised them that if they surrendered he would spare their lives, and inflict no

punishment upon the town if it were given up immediately. When he made this proposition he had already received his father's orders to leave not a man of the garrison alive and to kill a number of the burghers, orders which he could not disobey if he had had the desire.

Leaning on the frail reed of Spanish honor, the citizens surrendered on the 12th of July, 1573. The garrison had lost twenty-two hundred men in the defense. Of the eighteen hundred left, six hundred of the German mercenaries were spared on account of the German contingent in the Spanish army. The remaining twelve hundred soldiers were immediately murdered in cold blood, with as many more burghers and citizens. Three hundred of them were drowned in the lake. Twelve thousand of the besieging army had died of wounds and disease, and no one ever knew how many of the townspeople had perished. As the Duke of Alba said to his king, "Never was a place defended with such skill and bravery as Haarlem, either by rebels, or by men fighting for their lawful prince."

And the inspiration of the story of the brave burghers was not the least of the causes which finally brought about the expulsion of the Spanish from the Netherlands.

The Vigil

BY JOHN B. TABB

"STAY for me here." Ah, well doth love obey
Thy mandate; for the stars have burnt away
The web of darkness and disrobed the day
In twilight-chill.

"Stay for me here." I cannot choose but wait;
The day is spent, and at the pond'rous gate
Of sunset still I linger desolate:
Was this thy will?

"Stay for me here!" An echo in the gloom
Of midnight warns me of approaching doom.
As at the temple, so before the tomb,
I wait thee still.

